Bound by Blood

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Bound by Blood

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will Graham was going to marry a bloodsucker. His father, King Henry, said it was the only way to end the decades long blood feud between their two races and Will was helping keep his people from dying.

King Hannibal is hard to resist, and soon Will finds himself siding with his mate more than his own kind even as he fights the growing feelings between them. Is there more to this arrangement than he keeps pretending there is?

Notes

I'm sorry I keep posting new stuff instead of finishing my old? *sigh*

Chapter 1

Will was going to marry a bloodsucker.

His father King Henry, King of the Wolves, said it was the only way to end the decades-long blood feud between their two races and keep his people from dying. King Henry promised Will was going to be a hero in the eyes of the other wolves, they would praise his name as the savior of them all and not shun him for fornicating with the undead monster.

The King was wrong.

Will saw the hatred in his fellow wolves' eyes only grow as the days grew closer to when he would meet his intended. He kept to himself after a while, fearful one wrong turn would land him torn to shreds, the fear rising so much that by week's end he was relieved to leave the castle. His father said the Vampire King demanded to meet him face to face for what was termed: inspection.

The car ride there Will's mind raced with what an inspection might entail. Would the King interrogate him? Look at him entirely nude? Perhaps even demand a taste of his blood?

Will barely could think of little else as they drove, the world outside seeming so different than what he was used to. Modern times may have made things like cars and television but rulers still were bound by old rules. He rarely got to experience the world as the rest did.

They pulled up to a rather large estate, filled surprisingly with people milling around outside. The castle was larger than theirs, the outside brick darker, and they were led inside that evening by vampires who somehow directed but didn't touch. Will wondered if perhaps the King insisted he be "untouched" by everyone.

The guards left them outside a large set of doors and his heart beat wildly in his chest as he fought to breathe. The Monster of Florence, as they called King Hannibal by the moniker throughout his land, was about to inspect him. Could he fail the inspection? Will didn't think so, but the sudden worry made things worse. He let out a long breath, struggling not to make a fool of himself, and was about to lean against the wall when the doors opened.

Will's father grabbed his arm, almost pulling, and they stepped into what seemed to be a throne room. He blinked, eyes wide, as to his surprise the man on the throne was not a monster.

No.

King Hannibal looked more like a man than a monster sitting upon his ivory throne. The only thing about Hannibal that seemed monstrous were his red eyes as he looked Will over and he saw blood on his lips though the smell was overpowering already it was hard not to notice.

"This is my intended," Hannibal purred, standing and heading down a set of small stairs for them.

Will could hear a pulse, which also surprised him greatly as he fought not to move while his father stepped away.

Hannibal stood close enough to touch, leaning in and breathing at Will's skin as he whispered, "You smell better than any mongrel I've ever had the pleasure of meeting."

Will fought back a growl at the derogatory term, his eyes unable to hide his malice and Hannibal laughed. "The boy has bite," he purred, meeting Will's eyes, "I like that."

Will whispered, "You would."

Hannibal laughed again, reaching out to touch though Will grabbed his hand before he could. The hand was warm, a shock more than anything else, and he could hear blood flowing suddenly between them. "You're alive."

Hannibal smiled.

"There are things about vampires that wolf culture lies to little pups about, young prince. I will strive to teach you all there is to know about me if you teach me all there is to know about you."

Will grew excited at the very idea. He'd only known other wolves his entire life, and to be able to learn about another species while also teaching about his own sounded wonderful. He forced himself not to smile, nodding once, and when Hannibal moved to touch him again he did not move to stop him. His heart beat faster in anticipation but to his disappointment his father coughed and he looked away.

"King Hannibal, the inspection?"

Hannibal bared his teeth at Will's father.

"Yes, I suppose," he looked at Will, "Would you strip for me, little pup?"

Will blushed. "What? I…why would you need such a thing?"

Hannibal's eyes were dancing. "I need to see that you are untouched, unmated, and I would prefer to do it alone."

Will's father growled. "That was not in the terms and you know it!"

Will swallowed, nodding, before he looked at his father. "It's fine, father. Please leave."

He had never seen his father look so angry.

"No, I will not allow this. You have plenty of time to be alone when you're wed, and I do not…"

Hannibal moved so fast he was a blur when he spun around, ready to grab his father's neck, but Will stepped between them.

“No!” he yelled, grabbing Hannibal’s arm, “He will leave. Right, Father?”

Will saw the horror in his father’s eyes and the anger, but he nodded once, leaving them alone in the room. He fought to relax as Hannibal’s hand touched his own, and shivered as the warm hand came to rest on his neck

“Sir, you know your place, and this is not it,” Will said, his voice shaking, “I’ve read the terms.”

Hannibal smiled, “But you agreed anyway.”

Will moved his hand off, looking away as he took off his shirt and threw it to the floor.

“To end this feud, I would do just about anything.”

He started to unbuckle his pants, and fought to breathe when Hannibal’s hand came down his back.

“Anything?” the King asked, pressing his nose to Will’s skin.

“You wish to taste me,” Will guessed, his skin flushed as he let his undergarments fall and exposed himself completely to his would-be husband.

Hannibal’s tongue came against his skin and Will growled partly out of surprise though he was hard fought not to admit it was also arousal.

His cock was already hard, and only getting harder.

Hannibal’s smile against his skin only widened as his hand came to rest at Will’s backside, a wet digit inserted in his hole making Will cry out against it, though the fight was long over.

“I would take you now, if I could, I am quite sure you’d allow me.”

Will closed his eyes, shaking, and laid his head back against Hannibal’s chest, “God, I’ve never…”

Hannibal licked at his throat, whispering, “I will bite you here on the day, claim you as you claim me.”

Will moaned, “Please, I…”

Hannibal’s nail dug into his neck and the smell of his blood filled the air as the King began to lap at it in earnest. He bit back a growl, covering his own mouth so that his father could not hear his wanton moans.

“Oh, little pup, I am so pleased at your taste.”

Will let out a long breath, quaking and trembling as he begged. “Please?”

Hannibal’s hand came to his hardness, stroking suddenly before withdrawing.

“We are quite compatible, you and I. I am very pleased but I will not have our first encounter be rushed,” he kissed Will’s neck, “I would like to take my time.”

He turned, standing in front of Will who was glaring even as he fought hard not to get down on his knees and beg. Hannibal’s fingers brushed his lips as Will asked, “Can I taste you?”

Hannibal’s hiss was so arousing that Will had to fight not to throw his vampire intended to the floor as the King exposed his throat and cut a line down it for Will to taste just a bit of his blood.

The blood was intoxicating, Will wanted to howl and bite into him but fought back his nature as he moved his hips against Hannibal’s own unable to stop himself from the motion.

Hannibal laughed, “I see you like my taste too,” he whispered as he pet Will’s curls, “Do I please you?”

Will lifted his head, the blood on his lips fell down his chin as his yellow eyes glowed. “Yes, oh yes.”

Hannibal ran fingers along his lips, smiling. “I cannot wait to see what our wedding night will bring, little pup.”

Will let out a breath, shaking still so hard he knew his father would be ashamed of his wanton need the moment he walked back into the throne room but found he didn’t care. He could not stop his smile when it came and licked the last of Hannibal’s blood from his lips. “Neither can I.”

Hannibal pressed down on his lips with two fingers and Will’s eyes flashed again, leaning forward as the King stepped back, stopping touch all together. Will frowned as Hannibal turned away.

“You need to dress, your father will be foaming at the mouth outside the doors, I am quite sure.”

Will blushed, picking up his clothes as he fought not to look at Hannibal again. He didn’t try, even once, and once he was dressed made certain he had no trace of Hannibal’s blood on his lips before he left. His father came up with a growl on his lips. “See here, Hannibal, I…”

“Father, I’m fine,” Will said, forcing himself to look his father in the eyes, “There is no need.

His father smelled the air, his eyes flashing red as he stated, “I smell blood.”

Will swallowed. “The King was just inspecting me fully.”

He knew those were the wrong words to say when he heard his father’s deep guttural growl, stopping him with a growl of his own when he felt his father turn to run at Hannibal who did not move from his throne. “HOW DARE YOU?” he yelled, “HE IS A PRINCE! HE…”

“FATHER NO! JUST STOP!” he growled, pushing him back, “You wanted this, and it is going to happen. I’m fine, I’m…fine.”

Will could smell Hannibal's blood from here and could still taste it on his tongue as he fought the urge to run back into the vampire's arms. There was something wrong with him, there had to be.

His father growled, pushing Will away and Will was surprised when Hannibal got up to hiss, "DO NOT TOUCH HIM!" making both he and his father turn to stare at the vampire.

"I'm fine," Will said softly, "I…I am well."

Hannibal stalked towards them and stepped between them, staring Will's father down. "Do NOT touch what's going to be mine with such anger, King."

Will had never seen his father worried or frightened before, but he could hear the quickening of his heartbeat and the stuttering breath as he said, "Let's be gone from this place," to his guards as they turned to leave.

Hannibal's eyes were on him as they left, Will could feel them burning deep into his skin but he didn't turn around for fear he wouldn't want to leave.

The car ride home was silent and Will felt like an open wound as they drove away. He knew his father was disappointed in him even without the King saying a word.

"Will, what did he do to you?"

Will looked at his father with a blush on his cheeks. "What? He…nothing. We just…he inspected me."

The King's eyes narrowed. "I can smell his blood on your breath."

Will bared his teeth. "You have decided to give me away to this monster. There is nothing more you can do to me, is there Father?"

He watched the King fight between his emotions and instincts, wanting to hurt Will but knowing Hannibal would somehow know of it. Something inside of Will felt thrilled at the power against his father without even knowing why.

The remainder of the drive was silent, Will exiting the car first and heading inside past the servants and not even waiting to be addressed. He and his father were the only royals left in the palace, their lives separate but shared in the large palace. Will had grown up that way and also with such an absence from his father since his mother's death there was no love lost between them.

Obviously his father felt the same, since he was determined to just give him away as part of a treaty.

Will tried to curb down the inner voice whispering that he wanted to be given away, that even now he would tear off his skin and run back to smell Hannibal again to bathe in his scent but he bit his tongue to not think of such things.

There had to be something wrong with him.

The night was darker than usual. Will could feel the wolf biting under his skin to emerge even without the full moon as an excuse though his father had raised him against such things. Wolves changed on full moons and kept their darkness hidden until it was completely necessary.

He didn't eat dinner, starving for something more than food and aching to be touched again just slightly by the hands he'd expected to be cold but were so, so warm.

His father didn't even attempt to get him to the table even hours after so Will lay in his bed, tossing and turning as he attempted sleep. Tears spilled out his eyes as he fought against his urge to shift and run into the night back to Hannibal. He closed his eyes, trying to relax but a voice in his head that sounded an awful lot like Hannibal whispered, "Let go, pup, let it all go. Your monster is waiting to meet mine."

Will kept his eyes closed tightly, tears leaking down his cheeks as he shook his head, still desperate to stop the need to howl but he shot up and tore off his clothes, aching to be touched even if it had to be by his own hand.

He grabbed his cock, dry and painful as he stroked and whimpered, "Hannibal." Will felt a warm breath on his ear and an imagined voice.

"Will, do not hurt yourself, I would like to see you enjoy it."

Will could almost imagine Hannibal were here, turning towards the sound as he purred, "I want you, it doesn't…"

He could feel the breath now on his cheek. "Touch yourself properly for me, Will."

Will dove for the bedside table, grabbing for the lube and coating his hand almost too much as he took himself in hand groaning as he felt his fangs come out at the touch.

"Fuck," he growled, falling back on the bed as he began to stroke and imagined breath on his forehead as he whined, moving his hand liberally and reaching down to stroke his balls in turn moaning as the voice whispered, "Yes, show me," and when he came Will he fought back a howl even as he imagined Hannibal licking the cum from his stomach, his eyes fooling him in his intoxication.

"Hannibal," he whimpered, feeling himself drifting as he fought to stay awake.

"Will," the imagined Hannibal in his head whispered, and Will felt comforted by it as the last words he heard before he fell asleep were, "You please me so."

Chapter 2

Will was embarrassed to see he was clean when he woke and as went down to the dining room for breakfast he could not look any of the servants in the eye as one of them must have cleaned him off.

He sat down as far from his father as possible at the table, eating the plain eggs in front of him used to the somewhat stale choices since the war kept most supplies from getting in even to them. His father didn't look up from his paper and blatantly ignored him until Will spoke.

"When is the mating?"

King Henry glared at him. "That eager to be in the monster's bed, are you?"

Will frowned, looking down again. "Father, you are the one forcing me into this. I was only asking so I knew when to…"

The bang of his father's hands on the table did nothing but make Will angry.

"Yet you seem to be less and less against it since meeting him. Will, you *do* remember those monsters killed your mother when you could barely do more than toddle? That one of them snatched her from me and I…I had to watch as she was…"

Will felt tears sting the corner of his eyes as he looked at his father angrily.

"If you hate them so much, then why are you doing this?"

"I HAVE TO!" his father roared, his eyes red, "How else am I to stop the killing?"

Will could hear the stutter of a lie in the beating of his father's heart, the barely contained anger under his skin, but knew one word could have a fully formed wolf king bearing down on him if he questioned him.

He said nothing, looking down again and tightening his fists without another word.

"One week from today," the king said after far too long silent, and Will looked up, trying to stop his heart from betraying his excitement though the anger in his father's eyes showed him that had not worked, "The full moon."

Will's wolf scratched at his skin at the idea of mating on the full moon, even as tears filled his eyes.

"What? Do you have something else to say? Is that now what you wanted? To be the vampire's bitch?"

Will stood up from the table without finishing his meal and ran from the dining room and still ran all the way out the door.

The rush of the spring air hit him as he got outside, breathing in the flowers and listening to the creatures running somewhere close. Will knew that at least two guards would follow him but he kept walking anyway and sat down in the middle of the barely alive garden that he'd been told once belonged to his mother though the flowers had all been allowed to die.

"Sire," one of the guards said, making Will look up.

"Yes?"

"The King requests…"

Will growled, standing and coming towards the guard who stepped back at his approach. "Fuck the King! He has no control over me."

The guard nodded once, staying still as Will went back to sit on the bench. He sat there until midday, laying back on the hard stone bench and staring up at the sun wondering if it were true that vampires slept till the sun went down.

He imagined it would be sad to be without a companion during the day if it were true. Hannibal would have to sleep while he was awake and he would want to sleep at night. Will frowned at the prospect of such a life.

"Do you know anything about vampires?" he asked the two guards. He knew nothing of them, or anyone really, as his father changed guards like he changed socks because he didn't trust anyone for very long.

Both men shook their heads. Will sighed before he sat up and he started for the house once more.

There was no need to hold off seeing the King, as his father would just get angrier if he made him wait and at twenty years old dealing with the anger had gotten easier but still hard to have thrown against him.

He found his father in his office, sitting behind the desk when Will approached, not bothering to knock as the door was open.

"You wished to see me?"

King Henry did not bother masking his coldness, though his guards at least attempted but Will noticed. "Yes. You have a week to get your pet a new home, I will not care for it in your absence."

Will froze. His mother's horse Winston was the last thing Will had left of her since he could not remember her face. He loved the animal like a dear friend, his only friend really, as he was not allowed to interact with the other wolves per his father's instruction.

"You would put Mother's horse down."

The King's eyes shone red while his neutral lips seemed to show nothing at all making Will want to bite his throat out. "He is sluggish and obstinate, I will not have an animal like that in

my stable."

Will tried to keep the tears from his eyes as he spoke, "Yes, father," turning on his heels to head back outside to the stables in almost a run.

The stable hands knew him by sight, nodding once on his approach and he went to Winston's stall to pet him. "Hey, Winston," he whispered, nuzzling the horse's face, "I'll figure something out, I…I won't let him…I'll…I won't."

A voice inside of him wondered what Hannibal would say if he asked to keep Winston. He knew vampires didn't care for horses as there had been several reports of them attacking them in battle and out but Will thought if he asked he may allow him to keep his.

He went to get his saddle so he could ride, and found it hanging where it always was right in the doorway. His father had given him his mother's and Will kept such good care of it that you would not know it was over twenty years old. Will took off slow trot, knowing Winston was aging, since his horse still liked to go out often on days such as today.

Will felt tears on his face as he rode, not able to move far and collapsed against Winston knowing there would be no one who would take the animal in his absence.

Even now he was sure the guards would tell his father of this breakdown, and he struggled to lift his head before wiping tears from his eyes.

Will spent the remainder of the day in mourning after putting Winston back in his stable. He locked himself in his bedroom as the prospect of leaving the house became a choice between freedom and happiness. It was getting easier, living this way, knowing he would not have to for much longer. Darkness fell fast, plunging his bedroom in darkness, and he struggled not to sleep the night away but out of nowhere heard the unique sound of a car coming towards his home. He shot up and ran to the window only to see a truck and what looked like a horse trailer being led inside.

He ran down the stairs heading for his father's study and growled as he slapped both of his hands on the desk as tears fell down his face. "YOU WOULD TAKE HIM FROM ME ALREADY? YOU SAID I HAD TIME! YOU…YOU SAID I…"

The King shot up from his seat. "What is the meaning of this?"

Will's face was covered in tears. "There is a car…"

A knock on the door interrupted them, and both wolves turned at the sound as one of the guards bowed. "Your Majesty, there is a man here who says he is taking the Prince's horse to the Vampire's lair."

Will nearly collapsed with relief as he ran past the guard to the hallway, noticing a wolf he didn't recognize who was standing in the front hall doorway.

"Youre…you're a wolf?" he asked, stopping short to stare.

The man was older than him, though younger than his father, fair haired and seemed quite at ease for a wolf who worked with vampires. Will had never seen one before, it was odd.

The man smiled, holding out his hand that Will took. "Yes, my name is Tyrell, Prince. It is a pleasure."

Will smiled. "I…how did the King know of my horse? I did not…he could not know as I didn't know myself till hours ago."

His father's voice suddenly barked from behind him. "THAT IS WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW! Will, don't touch that mongrel!"

Will moved back slowly, glaring at his father. "Father…please, it's…this is what you wanted."

The King pushed past him, poking at Tyrell's chest. "So the King has spies in my house, does he? You tell him one more infraction and I have every right to call this entire thing off."

Tyrell's eyes glowed as he growled. "The King has no spies, sir. He is an honorable man."

King Henry laughed. "Honorable? An honorable bloodsucker? Oh, I'm sure!"

Will was growing angrier the longer this conversation went on, stepping between his father and Hannibal's wolf. "Father please, you wanted Winston out of the house and now he will be," he looked Tyrell, "I will take you to him."

Before the King could protest, Will took the other wolf off alone towards the stables, where there were only his and his father's horses and the stable-hands all scattered as they came inside.

"I'm sorry about my father," Will said, walking towards Winston's stall.

Tyrell laughed. "He's not the first person to call me a mongrel for working for Hannibal and he won't be the last, you better get used to it too."

Will stopped at Winston's stall, turning to look at him. "I know."

He took Winston out, petting the horse with a smile. "Be good, Winston, okay?"

The horse rubbed against his hand and Will heard Tyrell whisper. "I can see why he's so smitten with you."

Will looked at him oddly. "Who?"

Tyrell laughed, grabbing Winston's bridle and starting to lead him without another word.

Will felt warm at the thought that there would be a wolf amongst Hannibal's servants, he hadn't seen one the day he'd been there but it would be easier. He followed Tyrell as he took Winston out of the gates and out to the front of the castle.

“Are you the only wolf there? At the King’s estate?”

Tyrell smiled. “No. There’s more of us than you’d think.”

Will wanted to ask more but they were near the trailer now, Tyrell leading Winston inside while Will saw there were two other vampires with him. The first was a dark haired man with a harelip, who watched Will only out of the corner of his eye. Will noticed the second of the two watching him more closely, a young woman with blue eyes and long brown hair who seemed unable to look away.

Will blushed.

“Um…so I guess I’ll see you in a few days,” he said to Tyrell, who was closing up the trailer.

The blonde man smiled, almost tapping Will on the back but stopping himself.

“Yes, sire, I believe you will,” he headed for the truck.

Will could not help but ask the question that still confused him.

“How DID Hannibal know about this?”

Tyrell paused. “You can ask him when you see him next. It’s not my place to tell.”

Will nodded, blushing as he asked one more. “Could you tell him thank you?”

Tyrell smiled. “I’m sure he already knows, but sure I’ll tell him.”

Will watched them all get back into the truck, nodding once to the two vampires who did nothing but look away.

When he headed back for the house his father was waiting in the hallway, arms crossed and eyes red. “I’ve fired all the staff, NO ONE spies on me in my home.”

Will sighed. “Isn’t that reckless? The mating is in less than a week, does it matter if…”

King Henry suddenly punched a hole in the wall as he growled. “IT DOES MATTER! I WILL NOT HAVE IT!”

Will said nothing, turning to leave when his father said, “Do not turn your back on me, Will.”

“What are you gonna do?” he asked, not turning as he headed for the stairs.

There was no answer and Will had not expected one. He smiled to himself as he headed for his bedroom, imagining Hannibal’s voice whispering in his ear, “You are so much stronger than he is, Will. Remember that.”

He shouldn’t get used to this imagined closeness with the vampire king when he knew very little about him except that for some strange reason he was all Will could think about these days.

Will headed for the shower, ready to just forget all the mess and worry of the day as his thoughts strayed again to what Hannibal might be doing. He stepped under the spray, closing his eyes as he started to clean himself and could almost feel Hannibal at his back like he had been during the inspection.

“God, I’m going insane,” Will whispered, his hands drifting lower on his belly as he felt himself growing harder with the thought.

“No more than I, little pup,” Hannibal’s voice whispered.

Will smiled almost laughing as he took himself in hand starting to stroke with a slow start feeling a shiver go through him.

“I’ve never touched myself so much before, you’re making me so…I can’t seem to stop.” Will said, panting as he moved his hand faster.

“I would never have anticipated arousing a wolf,” Hannibal’s imagined voice said, the warmth of his breath touching Will’s ear even in imagined feeling.

Will sped his hand up, biting back a moan as he started to feel himself perched on the edge of coming and Hannibal’s hissed, “Now,” made him come without any more movement leaning back just at the warmth disappeared from behind him.

“You are so beautiful,” he heard, “So beautiful.”

Will’s eyes were glowing, he could feel them and when he whimpered, “Is this real?” the lack of answer made him feel even more desperate.

He cleaned himself off after, skin sensitive and tingling as he touched any part of it. Stepping out of the shower he walked into his bedroom and found the window open strangely as he lay back on the bed staring up at the ceiling.

“What am I gonna do?”

“What worries you?”

Will closed his eyes, letting out a breath.

“I’m going crazy, I keep hearing your voice in my head and I…”

He felt a hand in his hair, making him tremble.

“You are not going crazy, pup, I have been using our connection to be near you.”

Will’s eyes opened and he clearly saw Hannibal lying on the bed beside him. He froze.

“You’re fucking with my head?”

Hannibal frowned. “Will…”

Will sat up. “You…explain this before I think…I think that you’re making me feel this way.”

Hannibal, or his mental ghost or whatever he was, stood up and stared at Will.

“We have exchanged blood.”

Will nodded. “I know.”

“That allows me certain…privileges. I can hear your thoughts in my head just as easily as you can hear mine.”

Will’s eyes widened. “Vampires can do that?”

Hannibal smirked. “I can.”

Will swallowed. “But if you’re in my head…”

He felt Hannibal’s hand on his face, making him whimper.

“I can project myself in the room with you, but only interact with you,” he touched Will’s cheek, “As I have only done this before with family, it is a novel concept to be sure.”

Will frowned. “How can I be sure you’re not making me…I,” Will’s eyes flashed as he fought to sit still, “…I’ve never…”

Hannibal got down on his knees in front of him, his hands on Will’s knees as he promised, “You are the only one I cannot do that to, pup, I promise you. The blood makes it that much more of a guarantee.”

Will shook his head. “I don’t…”

“Try to feel me, pup, just for a moment.”

Will closed his eyes, letting out a breath as he imagined being in a room with Hannibal.

The connection was dim, not nearly as strong for him but it was there. He could feel the vampire’s happiness at his visit. “You can do this if you share your blood with anyone?”

Will could not help but feel a bit of jealousy at the prospect and felt Hannibal’s amusement in return. “I have never done this with anyone else, pup, I promise you. I have never felt a need.”

“Thank you for taking my horse.”

“I nearly came there myself to slit your father’s throat for hurting you so,” Hannibal confessed, growling.

Will smiled, opening his eyes as he saw that Hannibal was still there waiting for him.

“I would’ve been happy to see you, even if you came to kill him,” Will confessed, blushing.

He nearly bared his teeth as Hannibal asked, “How happy?”

Will had to keep himself from moving as he admitted, “I probably would’ve helped you.”

Hannibal smiled. “I count the days till we are in the same shared space with bated breath, aching fangs, and a very dry tongue.”

Will frowned. “You haven’t been eating?”

Hannibal shook his head, “I must leave you now, I have said too much.”

Will’s worry only worsened as he sat up. “Wait, what did you…?”

He tried to get up and touch the projection but Hannibal dissolved against his hands.

Will frowned, and tried to connect to Hannibal only to find the connection too dim to do more than feel he lived.

He laid back down, confused and worried. What had Hannibal meant by that?

He resisted the urge to change, growling in his worry, and gripped the sheets as he heard Hannibal’s voice in his head again.

“I am fine, pup,” he whispered, “I promise.”

The words helped, but very little, and tears leaked out of the corner of Will’s eyes.

He wanted to be there now, and find out what was going on.

The week couldn’t end soon enough.

Chapter 3

The remainder of the week was spent with Will desperately trying to reach Hannibal the way the vampire had reached him but finding himself shut out, much to his annoyance and anger.

He nearly hurt himself purposefully to gain his attention but stopped knowing this desperation only made him look as young and foolish as he felt.

His wolf ached, worried and wanting, and Will nearly changed against his will more than once as the full moon drew closer.

The day of his mating.

Hannibal had chosen well, he realized, the overall ache he'd felt getting closer was a combination of his growing need for the vampire and his wolf wanting to be free for the few times a month he allowed.

His father continued to be cold to him, barely noticing Will's dilemma even as some of the new guards seemed wary of him since Will's eyes did nothing but glow day and night.

Will could not help but attack one of them on the day of his mating, a rude asshole who thought he could speak ill of Will's intended right within his earshot.

"Do you think that vamps can even get it up? I mean, they're ice cold everywhere, ain't they?" the guard joked, laughing as Will came down the stairs.

He growled as he grabbed hold of the wolf's throat, and pressed him against the wall. "Speak ill of my intended again, and I will give him your heart as a wedding gift."

"My…ap…ologies…Highness," the guard wheezed, shaking against Will's hand, "Please…I didn't…"

Will let him go and growled at them both. "Leave now and you'll keep your heads."

The guards both ran off, leaving him alone in the hall, and as he took a deep breath he felt Hannibal back in his head again for the first time in days.

'My resolute protector'

Will nearly doubled over hearing his voice and answered back in his mind.

'Now you wish to speak to me?'

The vampire said nothing but Will was not to be deterred.

'Answer me, Hannibal. Have you been eating? What did you mean when you said you weren't?'

‘I have not had a single drop of blood since you left my home a week ago.’

Will’s eyes widened and he nearly spoke out loud though his father’s arrival stopped him.

“Will, I hear you’re attacking the servants now? Have you lost your mind?”

Will smiled at him. “Apparently.”

The King stared at him, as if he was waiting for more, and Will just walked away.

There were no more words exchanged between the two of them the remainder of the day and Will couldn’t help his growing worry as the light dimmed in the sky just as he was driven back to King Hannibal’s estate.

He took off running when they parked, running away and bypassing all the guards though no one dared stop him as he marched right into the throne room.

“HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!?” he growled, standing over Hannibal with yellow eyes.

Hannibal’s eyes were red and glowing full of hunger as he smiled at him.

“No, I have not. Have you?”

Will was unsure if the guards in the room knew about their mindspeak or that Hannibal could do it at all so he just said, “Leave us.”

The guards did as they were told, leaving at once, and when the doors closed Will frowned as he took in Hannibal’s face. He looked paler, almost sickly, and it was painful to see. “Tell me why you did this.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand in his own and Will nearly moaned at the touch as the vampire kissed his knuckles. “It is tradition.”

Will let out a long sigh, feeling his wolf desperate to be freed beneath his skin.

“Tradition? Why didn’t you…”

A low growl made them both turn just as his father ran into the room yelling.

“Will! What is the meaning of this? You’re…”

Hannibal held up a hand.

“As you are here early, I believe it is time to begin preparation. King Henry, I am surprised at the lack of guests. Does no one want to see the young prince wed?”

Will flushed, pulling his hand back as his father seemed flustered to answer.

“Well, I…I was unsure if…well…”

Hannibal was angry, Will could feel him fully now that they were in the same room and the telepathic message in his head spoke the same.

‘Your father is lucky he is your father, or I would have killed him already for dishonoring you.’

Will fought back a smile.

“My father thought you would want this to be private, sir,” he lied.

Hannibal’s eyes were dancing even as he kept his mouth a thin line.

“I see. Well, that is not the case. My people are quite overjoyed to see me take a mate, as…. *unorthodox* …a choice you may be.”

“I wish I could say the same for mine.”

His father coughed, making them both look at him again. “Well, that is…I suppose…”

Hannibal held out his hand for Will to take. “Shall we?”

Will ignored his father, taking Hannibal’s hand, and let him lead him from the room.

The guards followed, and Will noticed a few of them were the same that had come to Hannibal’s home. The man with the harelip still had the same frown on his face though Will realized it was because of Will’s father.

“So,” he said, as they walked, “Will you tell me what other traditions vampires have? Are they all as…” he paused when he looked at his father and stopped.

“Traditions?” his father asked, “What traditions? Also, are you sick? You look ill.”

Hannibal held Will’s hand tighter. “I’m well,” he lied, “Just eager to be mated.”

“Well…”

He leaned over and whispered in Will’s ear. “You look very handsome, Will.”

Will blushed, looking down at his suit. The pale blue was his best suit, and he’d worn it special for the occasion. He’d always been told before it looked nice on him by other royals who’d visited, so he’d been sure to wear it.

“Thank you,” he said, looking at Hannibal, “As you do.”

Hannibal was dressed all in black, even his dress shirt, and if Will had thought him handsome before now he could hardly look away.

He smiled at Will. “Thank you.”

They came to a set of open double doors, surrounded by more people, and paused not going outside. “We will be performing the ceremony outside.”

His father growled low, but didn't protest.

"I suppose it's best, considering the moon."

"Yes," Hannibal said, "Shall we?"

The three of them went out the doors and right into a beautiful garden filled with roses lit by lanterns that Will could not help but breathe in immediately. He felt right at home at the scent, even as Hannibal let his hand go, and watched as he reached out to touch a rose.

"It's beautiful."

"Thank you, my mother planted them all."

Will could hear the ache in his voice at mention of her and wanted to know more but decided against it, instead keeping his mind clear as they headed for what looked like a gazebo in the middle of flowerbeds.

A woman stood there waiting for them, fair haired and seeming almost like she didn't want to be there, which was made worse when Will realized she was a wolf like him.

"Will, this is Pel, she is to officiate tonight."

"Hello."

The woman looked at him with interest, but still seemed like she was unhappy.

"Hello," she said, "Hannibal, it's nearly time, do you want to start preparations?"

"Yes, it's already begun."

"I will ready myself then," she said, "Excuse me."

Will frowned. "She doesn't like me."

Hannibal took Will's hand again. "Some of the wolves are unhappy at his union, but they have no say."

"I'm not sure I want someone who hates me to officiate my mating."

Hannibal frowned. "I can get someone else."

"I just…"

His father sighed. "Will, there's no need as you'll be in control of such mongrels soon enough. Now, I think perhaps…"

Hannibal's eyes lit. "Henry, I think you should be seated."

"You *dare* think you can tell me what to do?"

Will sighed. “Father, please.”

Henry glared at them both, growling, and turned on his heel while the guards followed.

“I apologize for him,” Will said, looking out at the coming guests, “I…I suppose even he’s a bit volatile tonight.”

“What is his excuse all other nights?” Hannibal asked, “And days?”

Will blushed. “Nothing I guess.”

He lifted Will’s chin with one finger.

“You will be free of him soon,” he said, “Come, it’s nearly time.”

He led Will to the end of the garden, while guards followed, and squeezed his hand once more. “I will see you soon.”

“But…you need to…”

‘I will feed soon as well, pup. Do not worry.’

Hannibal was gone so fast Will barely had time to think, and he stood waiting as music started.

It was time already it seemed.

Will worried he may mess up whatever traditions vampires held as he saw Pel appear in the gazebo along with Hannibal.

‘Come to me.’

He could hardly look away, his eyes lit as he moved, and was so close to shift even before he got to Hannibal his body ached. Hannibal took his hand and kissed it softly.

“Hello again.”

Will smiled and stared into his eyes. “Hi.”

A throat clearing startled him, making him realize when there was chuckled laughter that there were others present.

At least thirty people among them, watching like they were happy to see him - though his father was no one of them - and Will blushed much to Hannibal’s amusement. ‘Say, I give my vow to thee.’

“I give my vow to thee.”

Pel barely contained her disapproval as Hannibal repeated the same, turning Will’s wrist over as he bit into it with a hiss suckling at the blood there.

Will fought back a moan, nearly toppling over at the sensation that he could now feel echoed from both he and Hannibal.

His vampire was starving for him.

Will nearly laid himself out a feast, content to die for the King's consumption, whimpering as Hannibal pulled back his mouth red along with his eyes.

Hannibal held out his own wrist, a gasp coming up from the audience as Will growled and bit into it as well, licking at his blood the taste just as good as he remembered. He pet the back of Will's head, his voice even stronger now inside.

'Yes, darling, I can feel myself going through you.'

Will's head shot up and he tilted his head back to howl, several other wolves echoing the sentiment around him as the full moon made him suddenly get down on his knees for a change.

"I can't, I have to," he stuttered, barely able to speak as Hannibal's fingers went through his hair.

"Go."

Will looked up, seeing his father's disappointment, and heard Hannibal's hiss.

'Do not let him control you any longer.'

Will's favorite suit did not survive the change, tearing apart as his muscles moved and shifted till he was a full grown brown wolf. He howled, bloody muzzle nuzzling against Hannibal's leg as his mate laughed.

"I will chase you if you run."

Will took off running and heard the answering hiss after him.

He had never felt so alive, so free, anticipating being caught for the first time in his entire life. He growled when he was was tackled from behind and pushed down to the grass nipping at Hannibal's arm only to be pinned down and bitten on the ear.

He whined, nuzzling Hannibal's neck. "You look so beautiful in your true form, Will, so beautiful."

Will pushed up against him, the urge to be filled almost hypnotic.

Hannibal hissed.

"If I were into bestiality, pup, you would be the only," he purred, biting Will's ear again, "But you need to run and I need to chase."

He let Will up, smiling with his glowing eyes. "Run."

They played the game all night, Will running only to be caught and Hannibal pinning him. It was a tease, Will wanted more but the part of him that knew this was not another wolf but still his true mate.

He lay exhausted as he felt the sun coming, suddenly distressed and pulling on Hannibal's leg to get him up where they lay together in a heap enjoying sharing warmth.

"Will, what is it?"

Will whined, suddenly changing back. "The sun!"

Hannibal seemed surprised, looking over his shoulder. "I see. Come."

They were not far from the estate, still on the grounds thankfully as they entered the house and Will saw the room that would be his own for the very first time.

Big and ornate, just like his mate seemed to be, with a large king size bed in the middle of all the finery around them both. He pulled Hannibal inside, thankful that it seemed there were light canceling shades around so it seemed like night again.

Hannibal's arms came around Will's middle, kissing his neck as he sighed.

"I regret I have to leave you for the day, Will."

His sluggish walk as Will led him to bed made Will whine, but still he climbed in alongside him completely naked as he took off the remainder of clothes Hannibal wore; though much of them were hanging from their play.

Will held him tight as they both started to drift off.

"At least we'll wake up at the same time," Will joked.

Hannibal kissed his neck. "And I will claim you completely."

Will growled, nuzzling against his neck. "Yes."

The last thing Will felt as he fell asleep was the warmth of his vampire breathing against his neck.

This was his mate.

His home.

At last.

Chapter 4

Will woke up first, nuzzling into the body beside him and finding his mate colder than he remembered. He was awake fully then, reaching out to touch Hannibal and feeling for the warmth he remembered but finding only death.

He turned him on his back and pressed his ear to his mate's chest, though he knew already there would be no heartbeat coming from him. Will shook his head as tears filled his eyes and he yelled out.

"No, no, no! Someone! Someone help!"

The door opened fast and in came Tyrell, along with three other wolves. "Sire?"

Will's eyes started to glow as tears fell down his face and he whined. "He's dead! He…his heart is not beating! He's…"

The wolves all relaxed at once, and three of them left the room while Tyrell stayed behind coming toward the bed.

"Will," he said softly, not coming too close, "What do you know about vampires?"

Will could barely see through his tears as he stared at Hannibal, reaching out to touch his cold cheek and turned to glare at Tyrell. "What does that matter? Why are you not helping him?"

Tyrell sighed. "Your father did not tell you much, did he?"

"I don't understand why that matters! The King is dead! You…"

"Tell me what you know and I can explain."

Will sniffled. "I don't know much, just that they aren't even alive."

"He wasn't completely wrong about that."

Will looked at him with a frown."But he's warm! I've…I've heard his heartbeat!"

Tyrell smiled.

"The King is a bit different than the rest, but I've been in a room with him when the sun rises. His body shuts down to ingest all the blood he's had and effectively makes him seem dead to the world."

Will wiped his cheeks. "You're sure?"

"Absolutely," Tyrell said, sounding amused, "He's going to be pretty happy you were crying already for him being dead though."

Will glared at him. “You’re laughing at me.”

Tyrell shook his head, though he seemed to be holding in a laugh. “Somewhat, but mostly because I’m remembering what I was like before I got here. It’s easy to forget narrow minded things are on the other side of the fence.”

Will sighed, leaning in closer to Hannibal and nuzzled his cheek. “You’re sure he’ll get warm after dark?”

“As soon as the sun goes down. Also…what do you know about wolf mating?”

Will blushed, but didn’t look at him., “Enough,” he said, breathing in Hannibal’s scent but whining when all he could smell was death, “Mating bites are important and…you know… sex.”

Tyrell sighed loudly.

“You’re gonna get a bit more aggressive than that, kid. I’ve seen vampire matings, they can go on all night long. I’m honestly surprised that the King held himself back for you to change. But with the moon still so close to full you might…get a little wild..”

Will looked over his shoulder at him. “What do you mean?”

Tyrell looked away, smiling as he rubbed the back of his neck. “I mean, you’ve been having this conversation with me for almost five minutes now and haven’t realized that you have no clothes on.”

Will pulled the blanket over himself, blushing. “Um…”

Tyrell laughed, walking across the room to open a dresser drawer, throwing Will a shirt and some underwear the younger wolf was almost excited to put on knowing they were Hannibal’s. He didn’t move himself up, still keeping the blanket over him as he glared.

“You could’ve said something.”

Tyrell grinned. “You were distressed about your mate, it’s natural really. I’m fairly certain you haven’t realized that Hannibal is naked too, and we all saw him that way.”

Will growled, throwing the blanket over them both as he leaned against Hannibal.

Tyrell smiled. “You might want to stay in this room all day, Will. Don’t worry, I’ll bring you lunch but I won’t come too close.”

Will scoffed. “I’m not gonna bite you, I’m fine.”

Tyrell grinned. “Are you sure about that?”

Will opened his mouth to repeat his words when the other wolf took several steps towards his mate and Will let out a guttural growl, feeling his claws change as his eyes glowed brightly.

“MINE,” he growled, kneeling on all fours in front of Hannibal.

Tyrell took one more step and Will jumped off the bed with a snarl, pushing him back into the wall as he nearly howled.

“MINE! MINE!”

Tyrell put his hands up, not breaking eye contact as he backed away. “Yours, Will. I wouldn’t even try it.”

Will let out a breath, shaking as he felt his fangs push into his bottom lip as he let the other wolf go. He closed his eyes, feeling the light fading from them. “Sorry. I…I guess I see what you mean.”

He dropped his hands and moved back, opening his eyes as Tyrell backed further away.

“So…lunch?”

Will nodded and turned back to Hannibal, climbing into the bed and pressing himself against his mate. He breathed him in, whining as he still could only smell cold death. His wolf was not enjoying the prospect of being alone forever, though they hadn’t given each other mating bites yet, he knew without a doubt no one else would do for him.

He laid there in silence, just feeling Hannibal a comfort even so cold, and thought for a moment about his father. There was no doubt he was long gone, ready to hail himself ‘The King Who Saved The Wolves’ by sacrificing his only son to the bloodsuckers he’d made them all hate.

Will felt tears in his eyes as he thought about it, his hand coming to Hannibal’s own.

“I should probably just go back to sleep,” Will mumbled, lying on his side as he stared at the vampire king. He ran a hand through Hannibal’s hair, feeling a deep contentment at the touch..

He didn’t even hear the door open or Tyrell’s voice.

“Will?”

Will only jumped at the touch on his shoulder, startled, but calm when Tyrell backed away leaving a sandwich on a plate on the table beside him with a bottle of water. “Thanks.”

Tyrell said nothing as he left, which was probably for the better. Will ate quickly and drank from the water bottle before he pulled the blanket over himself to attempt some sleep.

Hours later, Will woke with a start the moment he heard Hannibal’s heart restart again and climbed on top of him to watch the color return to his mate’s cheeks before Hannibal opened his eyes with a smile.

“Will.”

Will nuzzled at his neck and whined, unable to stop himself. "I thought you were dead, I…I was so scared I didn't know what to do."

Hannibal touched his head and sighed. "I apologize, I should have told you what happens in the day," he said softly, before gently turning them over to stare down into Will's eyes, "Did you mourn me?"

Will blushed and frowned at him. "Shut up, I really was terrified. I thought…"

Hannibal smiled, reaching out to touch Will's lips making Will weaker than he remembered ever being.

"It has been a very long time since someone cared enough to worry for me, it is quite refreshing."

Will felt himself growing antsy, wiggling as he growled. "Hannibal, please."

His mate pressed a kiss to Will's cheek, the warmth of his breath making Will sigh with relief.

"You want me to take you now?"

Will felt like his whole body began to heat, suddenly so hard he could almost cry. His eyes glowed as he stared up into Hannibal's red eyes and he couldn't help but drop his fangs.

"Please. Please, I need…god, I *need* ."

Hannibal kissed his neck, licking at Will's vein as he hissed.

"I can smell your blood. Did you know that?"

Will wiggled, grabbing for his neck. "Yes."

"Did you know I can smell yours for miles? That even as I lay in bed here and you were in your home, I could still smell it. Still taste it? Still crave you and only you?"

Will nuzzled at his neck. "Me too. I…god, what's wrong with me?"

Hannibal lifted his head, his fangs visible as his red eyes glowed just as bright as Will's own.

"You are craving completion," he whispered, touching Will's fangs as he pressed a finger down on one till it bled into Will's mouth making him moan, "Only I can finish it."

Will growled as he licked at his finger and took it into his mouth sucking hard.

Hannibal smiled. "You please me so, little pup."

He took his hand away, pressing his lips to Will's own with gentle ease and hissing as he tasted his own blood on Will's tongue. Will moaned, pulling back as he begged.

“Bite me, I know you’re hungry. I know…I know you want to taste me as much as I want to taste you. Please.”

Hannibal growled, pushing Will back and shaking his head.

“Not yet.”

Will sat up, pulled off his shirt, and whimpered at the touch of warmth from the man above him when he laid down full over Will but didn’t move. His eyes filled with tears again as Hannibal touched his cheek.

“I hated like seeing you like that, so cold and…”

“Dead?” Hannibal finished, “Part of me *is* dead, Will. Vampires are…complex creatures. There is still so much you’ve been taught that’s wrong.”

Will felt a tear spill down his cheek. “Teach me,” he sighed, “Tell me…I…I want it all, I want to…I want to know everything.”

Hannibal smiled and kissed his cheek softly pressing his lips to Will’s ear. “I will, pup. I promise. But for now…it’s time to begin.”

“I…”

“Shhh…”

He reached across Will to open the bedside table drawer and took out a bottle that Will stole and threw it on the bed beside them.

Will growled, frustrated at the underwear he’d thrown on so hastily earlier blocking his path from feeling Hannibal’s cock against his own.

“Mine, mine, mine,” he repeated, grabbing Hannibal’s neck and rutting against him wantonly, “More, I…please, I need you so much.”

Hannibal pressed him down roughly, holding Will’s hands above him. “You’re so eager for me, aren’t you, pup?”

“Obviously, Hannibal, or I wouldn’t be so…I can’t…I can’t take it anymore. Just fuck me. I need you to…”

He nuzzled Will’s cheek and kissed him so softly Will barely could feel it, whimpering when he pulled back. “I have never had the pleasure of bedding a wolf before, I am quite looking forward to it.”

Will glared at him, pushing back against his hands. “If you don’t hurry the hell up, you’ll never have the pleasure again.”

Hannibal laughed and kissed him deeply, making Will moan so loud he was sure the whole castle heard. He still fought against Hannibal’s hold, desperate to touch, but Hannibal held

him down with such ease he wondered just how strong he really was.

Will tried to rut up against him but Hannibal kept him still, pulling back to tease kisses down his cheek and neck.

“Will…”

“Please,” he begged, his voice shaking, “Please, I…I…”

Hannibal looked up and frowned. “You’re really hurting.”

“YES!” Will hissed, “What, did you think I was pretending?”

“No, I…I’m sorry, pup. I…”

He let go of Will’s hands and quickly began to move his hands to Will’s chest and down, warm paths of touch that quickly made Will start to whimper. His hands stopped at Will’s waist, pulling down the too large briefs and exposing him slowly.

“You look lovely in my underthings, Will. To what do I owe the pleasure of this sight?”

Will sighed, reaching down to touch himself but his hand was batted away. He bared his teeth at Hannibal who did it in return, still smiling as Will answered.

“I didn’t want Tyrell to keep looking at my dick.”

Hannibal paused, his eyes narrowing. “I expect more explanation than that.”

Will blushed, reaching down to tear the briefs off on both sides with his claws making Hannibal growl. “I didn’t realize I was naked when I…I…please, I can’t wait any more!”

Hannibal held him down and began to press kisses down his body, every touch just enough to stop Will’s need for only a second till he stopped again after kisses to Will’s inner thigh.

“Explain,” Hannibal hissed, sinking his teeth into Will’s thigh and making him arch off the bed with a shout.

“…I…I didn’t…fuck, please…”

He began to lick the blood that flowed, little quick licks that had Will in tears.

“Tell me.”

“I got upset, I thought…you were dead. I called for help.”

Hannibal lifted his head, blood on his lips as he stared with glowing eyes.

“And Tyrell saw your nakedness?”

Will panted, his voice shaking. “I…it was my fault.”

Hannibal pressed his finger down more blood flowed from Will's thigh, leaning down to lick at Will's skin again.

"Tyrell will be reprimanded," he purred, biting again and making Will sob.

"No, it's…"

Hannibal moved up Will's body and stared down at his cock, taking it in hand as Will whimpered.

"You are mine to see alone, Will. No one else's. He will be reprimanded, along with any others. Were there others?"

Will could hardly see through his tears. "Yes."

"Good boy," he praised, gently holding Will's hardness but making no move to relieve his pain.

"Please? Please, I just…please I need you to…"

Hannibal kissed his cheek. "Need me to what, little pup?"

"Fuck me. Just fuck me. Fuck me," Will begged.

"Will…are you in much pain?"

"YES!"

Hannibal smiled. "Then make me ease your pain."

Will frowned. "What? I don't…I don't understand."

"Make me fuck you, Will. Show me just how much you need my cock."

Will suddenly growled and pushed Hannibal onto his back. Hannibal snarled, baring his teeth, and they began to roll back and forth across the bed. Will could smell his own blood and Hannibal's in the air as they tussled, growling back and forth to one another until he was suddenly pinned onto his belly. He fought to catch his breath, baring his teeth back at Hannibal, who rocked his cock against Will's hole making him moan.

He pressed his fangs to Will's throat. "You please me so," he said, "I…I wanted to let you be above but I…I need to…bite you here when I take you. I think…perhaps…you need it too."

Will felt tears on his face. "Please."

"I fought because I know you wanted me to, do you know that Will? I can smell your excitement in the air the more I resist taking you."

Will shook his head. "No, no, I…"

Hannibal slicked up his fingers, pressing one down Will's back making him whine as he teased.

"I asked about wolf mating after I met you, pup," he confessed his voice barely above a whisper, pressing in slightly at Will's rim making him tremble, "Asked how and what I should expect. Do you know what I was told?"

Will turned, his mouth dry. "No, I…please, touch me. Please?"

Hannibal pressed in a finger, moving it slightly as he leaned over Will kissing him and biting at his young lover's lip with a moan. "They told me to keep talking, keep touching, and always do the opposite of what you ask of me."

Will shook his head as the tears flowed. "Lie, they lied, I want…"

Hannibal smiled, pressing his lips to Will's neck as he moved his finger deeper inside making the wolf arch up as he found his sweet spot. "Ah, there it is," he hissed, moving again. He ran his finger across in a tease before he began drilling right into Will's inner pleasure making him let out a sob.

"Please, please, Hannibal, oh god…oh…oh!."

He paused. "Say it again."

"Please," Will begged, pressing back against his finger, "Hannibal, please."

Hannibal hissed, pressing in another finger and moving them faster into Will before suddenly his growl got so deep it was almost feral.

"Hold still, pup," he growled, voice shaking, "Just…hold…still."

Will nearly burst into tears as he moved his hand away, reaching back with claws, and Hannibal held him still.

"Lift up, pup," he purred, pressing a kiss to Will's lower back, "Present for me."

Will hurried to get up on all fours, relief overtaking him as he breathed.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, voice shaking, "Yes, please…please!"

The smell of lubricant was in the air again and Will looked back to see Hannibal slicking himself up to enter him.

"Thank you," he whimpered, trembling as Hannibal's hand caressed across his ass.

"Shh," the vampire soothed, moving slowly and entering just enough to tease, "Do you feel how I ache for you, little wolf?"

Will shuddered."Yes, please I need…"

Hannibal pressed in more, leaning over his back to bite into it, licking at the blood flow and making Will moan loudly.

"You taste even better aroused, Will, than you do in your natural state."

"I…"

He thrust in fully and Will cried out, his hands coming to Hannibal's hips to pull him closer.

"God, yes!" he yelled, head thrown back for Hannibal to kiss.

His tongue teased across Will's own before he bit down hard, reveling in Will's moan.

Hannibal nuzzled his cheek as blood slid down Will's chin.

"Would you like to take me this way, Will? Hard and fast? Biting into my neck as I submit to you?"

Will keened as Hannibal began moving his hips, a relentless fucking that had them both panting at the pace.

"Yes, yes, yes, mine," Will growled, barely able to keep from a shift as his fangs bit into his already bloody lip.

Hannibal hissed, pressing his nails into Will's sides hard enough to draw blood.

"I mourn the loss of your bite marks," he moaned, groaning as he grabbed Will's cock in his hand to stroke his young wolf as he moved, "I would love to see you covered in them every day."

Will was barely able to breathe, licking at the blood as it hit his tongue.

"Please, please," he begged, not even knowing why.

Hannibal bit at his wrist, holding it out for Will to taste as he moved in him harder making them both growl as he felt his release building.

"I will just have to renew them at," he cried out, "Every chance," he felt himself falling over the edge, "I get," biting into Will's neck as he came.

The bite made Will come so hard he could barely think, howling out as the pleasure he'd needed so much was finally fulfilled.

Hannibal licked at the bite, nuzzling it.

"My mate," he declared, kissing Will's neck, "My Will."

Will held his head there, whimpering as he licked at the blood.

"I want to bite you too," he whispered, his voice shaking with need, "Please."

Hannibal turned him over, staring at Will with a smile.

“You need to change, little pup, your wolf is calling you.”

Will shook his head. “No, I….please.”

Hannibal kissed him deeply, the slick slide of their tongues connecting making Will ache that much more. The vampire turned his neck and Will struck, growling as he bit in making Hannibal sigh, “Yessss.”

Will sucked at his blood and felt Hannibal harden against his hip once more.

“You wish to drain me dry, pup? Do you want every ounce of want in me to belong to you?”

Will reached out to touch him, his wanton behavior making Hannibal hiss in approval.

“Yes,” Will confessed, “All of it. Mine.”

Hannibal smiled, leaning in to kiss him. “Drain me then, Will. Make me flow.”

Will’s eyes were glowing as he reached out with both hands to turn Hannibal onto his back beside him, growling as he suddenly started to lick at his cock and take it past his lips, never once breaking eye contact.

Hannibal pet his head and stared down with glowing red eyes. “Perfect, just perfect, Will, look at you.”

‘I can’t stop.’

Hannibal nodded. “I know, darling, I know. I will not ask you to.”

Will’s eyes were teary as he sucked, sloppy and unsure as he nearly choked himself on Hannibal’s cock but didn’t move to breathe even as the vampire came over his tongue. He coughed, licking his lips as he sat up.

“Please, I just…” he moaned, not sure what to do.

Hannibal’s hand came to Will’s renewed hardness, stroking slowly. “Use me.”

Will swallowed. “I…I don’t…”

Hannibal sat up, elbows on the bed as his eyes glowed back at Will’s own.

“Fuck my mouth, little wolf.”

Will whined, taking his cock and shakingly directing it to Hannibal’s mouth slowly as he moved up the bed. He dug his hands into Will’s hips before Will tried to slowly sink into the warmth of his mouth, licking at him each time he nearly missed. He smiled as Will lowered his cock in, and started to move. It didn't take long, Will’s hands in Hannibal’s hair as he

shoved himself in only a few times before he came. Hannibal's mouth came down around him, sucking down Will's passion as he threw his head back for a loud howl.

Hannibal's nails dug into his ass and Will felt his claws in turn dig into the vampire's neck but didn't stop moving.

'I could die like this and never feel wasted,' Hannibal said in his head, still sucking through the aftermath of his orgasm as Will moaned.

"Fuck, don't talk like that, don't…"

Hannibal gently moved his mouth off, licking at Will's spent cock as he directed the wolf onto his back. He licked at Will's body like he'd never tasted anything so sweet and nuzzled even as he moved off each bit of skin.

"My mate," Will breathed, aching, "I…"

Hannibal kissed his lower belly. "You need to change, Will, I will run with you."

Will nodded, still trembling as he tried to sit up and Hannibal shook his head.

"Now, Will."

He changed effortlessly, the feel of Hannibal at his back making it that much easier and when he licked at his mate's face the vampire smiled.

"I will show you something new," he whispered, suddenly moving so fast that Will barked in surprise.

He smiled, shaking his head.

"I know you can understand words, Will, speak to me like only you can."

'You were holding back.'

Hannibal nodded as he got up off the bed. "I would not wish to hurt you, little wolf."

Will growled, nipping at his feet, 'Don't.'

Hannibal walked to the window and pulled back the curtains before he opened it with a smile.

"All right then," he said, just before jumping out of the window to the ground.

Will howled, leaping out after him and landing on top of Hannibal who was laughing.

"Will, you could have killed yourself."

Will growled. 'So could you!'

Hannibal pet him. “No, wolf, I am much stronger than you think I am. Let us see who can run faster.”

He took off and Will went after him, the blur that was his mate making him frustrated even as he fought to win. After a half hour he stopped, whining as he laid his head on the grass.

‘You win.’

Hannibal stopped in front of him and frowned., “I did not want to upset you.”

Will said nothing, sitting still as he stared up at the vampire so worn out he could hardly move.

‘I have nothing special about me but the powers you’ve given me.’

Hannibal knelt down to touch him again, his nakedness making Will remember their earlier activities and feeling quite amorous again but not moving still.

“As I have said I am not into bestiality, Will, so please do not think of sexual intercourse while in that form.”

Will whined.

Hannibal sighed. “I think you are very special, little wolf, there has been no one else that can make me indulge so. I have never been so free, I…I care for you so deeply already it’s quite remarkable.”

Will licked his face, suddenly barking.‘You did all that, not me.’

“Will, stop this. Let us give chase, and see who is the better.”

Will almost didn’t but when Hannibal took off running he could not help but try to find him even in the blur that was his natural movement. He paused, closing his eyes as he smelled the air for his scent on the wind.

It took him seventeen minutes, but he caught his mate on a quick run past his nose and took him down with a howl.

Hannibal smiled, running his hands down the sides of Will’s flank. “You used your senses, you seem to forget you have them.”

Will licked at his face. ‘Again.’

They gave chase for hours. Will won an impressive amount of times and he was so exhausted he collapsed in the grass even before sunrise. Hannibal lay against his fur and whispered, “I have never indulged myself this way before you, little pup.”

Will changed, suddenly skin and warmth but Hannibal clung to him still.

“Me neither. My father didn’t let me, I never even had any friends except Winston.”

Hannibal turned to push Will to his back, hovering over him. “I would indulge in you now, though I smell the sun on the horizon.”

Will frowned. “I don’t like it when you get cold.”

Hannibal kissed him softly, nuzzling Will’s cheek. “Then you had better keep me warm.”

Will said nothing as they headed for the house, Hannibal taking his hand halfway there and Will squeezing as they walked. “Do you remember when you called me mongrel?”

Hannibal tensed but didn’t waver. “Yes. And you thought me a monster.”

Will said nothing more and they paused at the stables, Will smiling as he saw his horse seemed to be living the life of luxury already. “You did not have to get him such a large pen.”

Hannibal smiled. “As yours is the only horse in the stable, where else would he be?”

Will frowned, “Did you even have a stable before this?”

Hannibal looked away. “Yes, but the horses were all long gone before yours arrived.”

Will tensed, turning and letting go of his hand. “Because you had to drain them.”

Hannibal came up behind Will, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck. “Yes.”

Will was tense and still in his arms, not moving and softening., “My father…”

Hannibal turned im around slowly and kissed him. “Your father,” he repeated, kissing down Will’s neck, “...willWill have to work with us now if he wants any supplies to get in through the trade system, he cannot keep the blood flow from us.”

Will sighed, clutching the back of his neck. “You eat livestock?”

Hannibal nodded, pressing a kiss to Will’s chin. “And indulge in other…pursuits.”

Will laughed. “Wolves, humans…”

Hannibal lifted himself from Will’s neck. “Yes, though I know you have never encountered humans before.”

Will nodded, pressing himself against Hannibal in a sigh. “No. My father forbade them from our pack. Wolves only.”

Hannibal kissed his earlobe. “I have several here, though they are all only indulged to drink if offered and I,” his teeth grazed Will’s neck, “Only need the blood of one to sustain me.”

Will moaned.

“You shouldn’t get de…” Hannibal bit down and he whimpered, “…pendent.”

Hannibal sucked at his throat greedily, taking Will in hand as his cock fought to harden once more as he whimpered, “The sun. You said…”

He started to stroke Will as he sucked harder as Will came under his ministrations hissing as he pulled his mouth back to lick at his fingers.

“Worth the pain,” he smiled, “Now we will have to run.”

Will growled, grabbing his hand as they opened the stable doors and he saw the sun was already coming up.

“Stupid, idiotic vampire,” he hissed.

He pulled Hannibal along and nearly had to drag him up the stairs once they got inside, growling as he sniffed at his skin and finding burn marks.

“Stupid, stupid,” he whimpered, licking at his back.

Hannibal sighed, his eyes drifting. “You will need to close the curtain, Will.”

Will leaped up and closed both the window and the curtain, rushing over just in time to see the light fade from Hannibal’s eyes. He held onto his mate as he began getting colder, determined to keep him warm as Hannibal had joked earlier.

He was very soon sound asleep as well, nose pressed into his mate’s neck content with their mixed scents in the bed and trying not to dwell on the smell of death and cold coming off of him.

They were mated now, fully and completely.

Nothing would change that.

Not even death.

Chapter 5

Will woke later the next day, cold but comfortable, with his nose pressed into Hannibal's neck as he tried to snuggle closer. He pressed a hand to his mate's chest, the hard stiffness of him making him whine, but tried to get used to it.

He struggled with even leaving the bed, wanting to keep the scent of them on his skin but knew he had to get clean eventually despite knowing that when Hannibal woke he knew he'd just get dirty again.

Will settled on leaving the door open to the bathroom as he showered quickly and hurried in a towel to enter the bedroom again just in time to see Tyrell leaving. He growled and Tyrell smiled over his shoulder.

"I'm going, I'm going," he teased, "I'm surprised you showered, I remember during mine I never left the bedroom all three days of the full moon."

Will blushed. "I just…I didn't want Hannibal to think I'm dirty."

Tyrell grinned. "I'm pretty sure the King wouldn't mind. Vampires are just as territorial as we are."

"Speaking of territorial," Will mumbled, looking down, "I…um… I sort of told him you saw me naked."

Tyrell froze. "Oh, shit. Seriously?"

Will frowned, looking up at him. "Sorry, it just slipped out."

Tyrell sighed, shaking his head. "He's going to kill me."

Will shook his head. "No, I'll make sure. It was my fault, not yours."

Tyrell sighed again, turning away. "I better not see any more of your bare chest, the King will have my hide. Have a good day, Will."

Will blushed as the door closed and saw a plate of breakfast waiting for him - sausage, eggs, and very good smelling bacon - beside the bed. He dressed quickly and sat beside Hannbal to eat, eyes never leaving his lifeless mate despite knowing Hannibal wouldn't move. His wolf was on edge as he stared, hard not to worry, and sighed.

He'd expected that to change when they gave each other true mating bites, but obviously he'd been wrong. Will lifted his wrist and stared at the mark Hannibal had given him, fading already, and frowned. He touched his neck and that had already started to fade too. His healing made it hard for wounds to stay, apparently even one he wanted to show off.

Both marks tingled, just a little, and he licked his lips as he imagined taking Hannibal fully and filling him like Hannibal had said when they'd been in each other's arms last night. He growled and leaned over to grab a piece of bacon, tearing into it as his eyes glowed.

Will didn't really know if what they'd done so far was enough for a true vampire mating, but he knew what his wolf wanted on his end.

Could he work up the nerve to ask?

His breakfast was soon finished as he sat there, lost in thought while eating idly, and as he looked around he wished there was more to do. There was no television, but there was a bookshelf against the wall near the door.. Will got up from the bed and walked to the shelf, blushing when he saw some of the titles: Howling at the Moon: A Werewolf Mating Guide, Vampire/Werewolf Relations: When It's Right to Bite, Werewolf Love Rituals: Difference Between Claiming and Maiming. He also saw a shelf of love poetry books, and a very old book with no title that he couldn't help but pull out.

The name Lecter was embossed on the title, and when Will opened it he could smell blood on the pages. It was written in a foreign language that Will couldn't read but he saw the name Hannibal written on the inside pages along with Mischa, Victoras, and Simonetta. He ran his thumb over Hannibal's name before putting it back on the shelf, grabbing a book at random to sit down on the bed again beside Hannibal pressing his lips to the King's neck.

"A few more hours," he whispered, and opened up the book he'd taken.

It was a guide on werewolves, written by someone who seemed not to know much at all about them judging by what Will read of it. He got about two pages in before he threw the book across the room, and laid back on the bed as he felt a familiar ache in his skin once more.

His wolf wanted out, and desperately wanted his mate. Will itched, shaking as he laid against Hannibal's coldness while every part of him wanted to shift. He'd never changed during the day before, as father only allowed them to shift on the full moons at night, but soon he couldn't hold back. He peeled off his clothes and pressed his face against Hannibal's skin hoping to ease the need but as he breathed in the shift came anyway.

The change was freeing, like taking breath, and as he snuggled closer to his mate he licked his neck. He whined, his tail wagging as he rolled even closer to him.

"I'm fairly certain the king would not be averse to sex while he's in hibernation, but not with your wolf form," Tyrell said suddenly.

Will turned with a growl, the need to protect his sleeping vampire instant.

The other wolf backed away and put up both hands. "No offense, kid, but, you should…"

Will jumped up fully now, snarling as he blocked the view of his mate.

Tyrell left fast, setting Will's meal on the floor before he slammed the door behind him. Will settled back on his haunches, growling still, and stared at the food without moving. He was hungry, but the idea of leaving Hannibal for even a moment felt wrong. He struggled to keep himself upright for the next few hours, eyes drifting closed several times as he stared at the only perceived threat he could see in the way of his mate's safety until he finally passed out on top of him.

He woke to fingers running fingers through his hair and happily leaned into the touch as whispered praise made him warm all over. "So fierce, my little wolf pup."

It took too long for Will to realize exactly what was happening and he jumped up, turning fast as he shifted back and threw himself at Hannibal. His warmth was a comfort he'd missed for far too long, and he whimpered, holding onto him tight.

"Did you miss me?"

Will could barely find words as he rubbed his face more along Hannibal's cheeks, growling happily as Hannibal continued to run fingers through his hair.

"I take that as a yes," Hannibal said, sounding amused.

He sighed and lifted his head up as he frowned. "I don't like it when you're cold."

Hannibal kissed Will's temple. "Neither do I, but it comes with the territory."

Will pulled back to look at him fully. "Why?"

Hannibal frowned as he touched Will's cheek. "You do not need to know such things."

Will sat up with a growl. "You're my mate now."

"Yes, but that does not mean you need to know."

"Mates are…"

"Tell me what mates are, Will," Hannibal said, his voice thin, "What did your father teach you?"

Will's cheeks pinked and he glared back at him, "I'm not a little kid, Hannibal, despite my being younger than you. I am an adult."

Hannibal took Will's hand and kissed the inside of his wrist where he'd bitten him during their mating ceremony. His wolf hated to see the mark's fade, though he was for how slow it was but he knew any marks Hannibal made would again would be gone in a matter of minutes if not seconds.

"You are still so young, little pup," he said, as his fangs grazed along the veins on Will's wrist, "You have no idea what could happen if I trust the wrong person."

Will growled, his eyes lighting as he attempted to take his hand back but Hannibal held firm, “WE’RE MATES! I would NEVER betray you!”

Hannibal hissed, pulling him in hard so their faces were so close Will could feel his breath.

“Mates are not the be all, end all. you seem to think they are, little wolf. Your body sings to me, your heart beats for mine, but that does not make you love me or care for me.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “I know that.”

Hannibal stared down at Will’s wrist, his hold softening but he still did not give Will his hand back. “And the closer I let myself become to you, it…I could easily trust the wrong person. As others have done. You have my mark, and my bite, but you do not know me and I do not know you.”

Will tensed, his shift earlier seemed to make his wolf somewhat calmer but touching his mate’s skin without any pleasure attached made him desperate to cling despite wanting to be away from him now.

“Are you determined to make me hate you?” Will asked softly, making Hannibal look up with a frown.

“Is that what you think this is?”

Will’s lip quivered as tears filled his eyes. “You were not like this last night.”

Hannibal kissed his wrist, biting softly and making Will moan as he began to feed. The act alone should disgust him but he longed for it to continue. He’d give anything for this man and it was stupid to have such thoughts around someone who could enter your mind.

‘It pleases me to hear thoughts such as yours.’

Will closed his eyes, moaning, “Get out of my head.”

‘You want me here. I can feel how happy you are.’

Will felt a stray tear slide down his cheek at the truth of it. He wanted to be immersed in him even now when he felt like this.

Hannibal raised his lips from Will’s wrist then and purred, licking his lips as he smiled at Will. He pulled him in for a desired kiss that made him moan wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s neck to be closer.. Will tasted himself on Hannibal’s tongue, and as their kiss deepend they spread the blood between them before they pulled apart with a sigh.

“Despite my not wanting to,” Hannibal purred, his nose against Will’s cheek, “You have no ill will towards me, only desire.”

Will’s tears were flowing now. “I’m so mad at you, and still I can’t…I want more. What’s wrong with me?

Hannibal kissed his cheek.

“Nothing, this is a natural effect of mating that your father should have taught you. I know little of wolves that I have not had to read in books or asked of my compatriots but I know they would do just about anything for their mates.”

He pulled back and ran his fingers through Will’s curls.

“My apologies,” he said, frowning, “I did not mean to hurt you or your wolf. I’ve been hurt, many times, and I will tell you of them…just…not yet.”

Will relaxed at once and hugged him again, breathing in. “Thank you.”

Hannibal ran his hand down Will’s back and kissed his cheek. “I know this has been hard for you, and I want to make things better, not worse, though I seem to be doing the opposite.”

Will lifted his head. “Is this need..will it fade? Because I haven’t left this room in days.”

Hannibal smiled.

“You would kill anyone who comes near me awake more so than when you were protecting me in sleep. It is safer to be sequestered,” he kissed Will’s cheek, “Your father neglected you.”

Will trembled. “My father hated vampires.”

“Yes, but he should still have directed you to learn more about them when we decided on this mating between us.”

Will sighed, laying against him. “I suppose,” he said, “But…what about vampires?”

Hannibal paused. “What about vampires?”

“What about vampire matings?”

“You have already experienced the depth…”

Will pushed him back almost angrily, his eyes lit as he growled hearing a slight uptick in his heartbeat. “Liar. I could hear your heartbeat. You’re lying.”

Hannibal’s eyes lit as his smile faded. “Clever little pup, you speak to me of invading your mind but listen to my heart.”

“Since you seem to own mine, I should get to peek in on yours.”

Hannibal smiled as he reached out to touch his cheek.

“You are quite clever, my little wolf. Obstinate,” he teased, slipping from the bed before he walked across the room, “But I think…for now we’ll discuss it later.”

Will watched the way he moved with grace even nude, his eyes and lips hungry for more of Hannibal now that he was far away.

“I need to touch you,” Will confessed, “But I also want to hit you. I don’t…god I hate this.”

Hannibal paused as he stood in front of the dresser, and came back to the bed to reach out, yanking the blanket from over Will. He shivered as he was exposed, his nudity fully on display, and Hannibal looked at him with hunger in his eyes.

“I am quite enjoying your desperation, I will not lie.”

Will glared at him. “You would.”

Hannibal sighed, his smile soft as he climbed back onto the bed making Will move back to stare up at him.

“Vampire matings are quite like wolf matings,” he whispered, kissing Will softly, “The difference is that because vampires almost always mate with other vampires they are not as desperate to protect their mates as wolves are. We…hunger…but the need to fight for our mates is not common.”

Will frowned as Hannibal touched his cheek, and the closeness between them only made him warmer as they lay there. “Why? Because they are immortal?”

“Vampires are not immortal,” he said, kissing Will’s cheek as he brushed his fangs against Will’s ear, “We can die, we *do* die. It just..takes more to bring about our end.”

Will’s wolf didn’t like this conversation. “So why…why would you not want to protect each other?”

Hannibal smiled as he began to kiss down Will’s chest, making him shiver with every touch.

“We do not see a need to protect each other as we are both in equal standing. There is very little that can kill us with ease.”

Will moaned at the path he was taking, his cock already so hard he could barely think, and he arched up to meet every touch. “And…you?” he asked, his voice shaking, “Do you not… wish to protect me?”

Hannibal leaned in softly and pressed his lips to Will’s belly, and looked up with glowing red eyes.

“I would rip the throat out of anyone who touched you.”

Will smiled, leaning down to touch his arm. “Be careful, you might be growing attached.”

Hannibal hissed, his smile fading. “No one will take something of mine from me ever again.”

Will frowned. “What do you…?”

Hannibal growled, rushing off so fast and slamming the bathroom door leaving Will confused.

What did that mean?

Will stood on shaking legs, his wolf eager for another claim even if it was just his mate taking him he found himself desperate for the affirmation.

He knocked on the bathroom door. “Hannibal?”

There was no answer.

Will closed his eyes and let out a breath before he attempted to use his mind instead.

‘Hannibal, I need you.’

No answer. Not even a feeling or a glimpse of an answer, and Will could feel himself growing angry at his dependence on someone who cared so little for him.

‘If you do not come out right this second I will break the door off the hinges.’

There was no response and Will pulled back his hand only to have the door open suddenly, Hannibal’s amused smile greeting him.

“You are very stubborn, little pup,” he teased as he reached out a hand to take Will’s hand, licking it, “You please me so.”

Will shivered, tears filling his eyes. “I need…”

Hannibal took his wrist with both hands and nuzzled.

“I know what you need, mate,” he assured him, leading them back toward the bed.

Will whimpered as he laid down. “I need you to touch me, I just need…”

Hannibal reached into the bedside drawer for the bottle of lubricant and set it beside Will as he brought his lips to Will’s ear softly brushing his lips just close enough to tease.

“I know what you need, but I need you to ask me.”

Will’s eyes lit at his words, his fangs peeking out as he whined. “I need you to touch me, I need it, I need…”

Hannibal shook his head as he pulled back, and smiled down at him as Will’s body began to feel warm all over again. “Tell me.”

Will growled, grabbing hold of him as he bared his teeth.

“What do you want me to say? I just…do you want me to beg? Do I have to…”

Hannibal stared at Will, his amusement obvious. “I want you to *tell me* .”

Will shook as he loosened his grip, and whined as Hannibal touched his cheek. “I…please I want to touch you. I want to be…claim, I need to claim.”

Hannibal’s eyes were red again as his smile widened. “Yes,” he said, kissing Will softly, “ I would like to feel your claim.”

His wolf all but howled as he suddenly sat up, growling as Hannibal didn’t move. “I…I want you on your belly.”

Hannibal nodded as he laid down on his belly, and looked back at Will. “You will need to open me, pup, it has been quite a long time.”

Will growled, grabbing the lubricant as he wet his fingers.“I don’t…don’t talk about that.”

Hannibal chuckled. “Jealous, are we?”

Will pressed in a finger eagerly, his movements aimless and excited, making Hannibal hiss as he moved. “You said I’m yours,” he growled before pressing in another finger, “You’re mine too. All…mine.”

The vampire hissed. “Slower, Will, I…”

Will breathed in the scent of him, pressing his lips to Hannibal’s back. “You smell so good.”

“Like what, Will, what do I smell like?”

Will ran his fangs along Hannibal’s skin as he suddenly made a sound almost like a purr. “You…you smell like you want me.”

“Yes,” Hannibal hissed, “Take me, take me now.”

Will shook his head. “No, I…”

Hannibal lifted his hips into Will’s touch, moaning. “Will, please.”

Will pulled his fingers out so fast that Hannibal groaned, teeth snapping as Will attempted to slick himself up. “You smell so amazing,” Will groaned, “I…”

Hannibal knelt up and his hands and knees. “Will, please,” he begged, “Please.”

Will’s growl echoed around the room as he jumped over him, pressing his cock against Hannibal’s slicked hole making him whimper. His claws bit into Hannibal’s hips as he ran fangs against the back of his neck. “Mine,” he growled, “MINE!”

“YES!” Hannibal hissed, “YOURS I…”

He pressed his hardness inside, claws digging into Hannibal’s hips, as he groaned at the feeling. “So…tight…so…”

Hannibal let out a long cry as he turned to stare at Will, eyes red and bleeding as he growled out one word.

“HARDER!”

Will fought not to shift as he let out a howl, his hips snapping hard to Hannibal’s as he fucked him faster. He groaned, shaking with every thrust, and Hannibal’s low hiss only made him want to hear more.

“My mate, my…mine! Mine, mine, MINE!”

Hannibal screamed, arching back with every thrust, and soon sat back to sit in Will’s lap with a groan. Will began to move faster, his senses so full he could hardly think as he went into a frenzied fuck so errratic he thought he’d enver stop. Hannibal took his hand to his hardness, the two of them stroking together while their moans echoed off the walls.

“My little wolf, you fit into me so…” he cried out, his head pulled back to Will’s neck, “Perfect. Fuck me, Will, show me how you own me.”

Will growled, biting into his neck as he suddenly pushed Hannibal back down on his knees. He thrust more, biting all over he could, and he howled again as he came filling Hannibal up just like he need.

Hannibal hissed out, “Yes!” and Will’s hand continued to stroke hard and fast determined to extend his pleasure to feel Hannibal’s against him.

When the vampire came he grunted, biting into Will’s arm to suckle at his blood making Will moan.

“Take me in, take all of me,” Will panted, voice barely a whisper as he still moved his hips though he was already softening.

Hannibal pulled his mouth away, licking his mate’s skin.

“Mine, mine,” he whispered, “Will…”

Will pulled out, the both of them growling at the loss as Will turned Hannibal to his back to stare down at him. He kissed him softly, biting at his lips as his tongue moved against Hannibal’s own. His nose was pressed against Hannibal’s as the scent of him overwhelmed every part of Will more and more.

Will licked at his bitten lip, purring.

“Perfect, you feel so perfect,” he sighed, as Hannibal’s hand came to his hair.

“As do you, little pup, I have never been so thoroughly fucked,” he sighed, “Even now, I feel you leaking out of me.”

Will's contented growl made Hannibal smile against his cheek.

"You must eat, Will," he said, kissing his cheek, "I can taste the deficiency in you."

Will lifted his head, frowning. "You can?"

Hannibal smiled, touching the blood on his lip. "Yes. Also I would like to introduce you to the others."

Will's hands tightened on Hannibal's arms. "I…maybe later."

Hannibal reached up to touch his curls, breathing the scent of them in. "Are you feeling more centered now?"

Will pressed against his hand as he nodded. "Yes. It was so strange."

Hannibal nodded. "First matings are like that."

Will looked at him oddly. "First?"

Hannibal reached up to kiss him softly again. "I have never been mated before, little pup. I promise you that. I only meant coming together for the first time."

Will let out a long breath. "You've never…"

Hannibal shook his head. "I was promised to someone when I was younger," his eyes closed as he was remembering, "That was long ago now. I have never felt the need since."

Will kissed Hannibal's neck, traveling down his belly as he began licking at the evidence of Hannibal's passion as the vampire's hand came to his hair once more.

"When the king first proposed the idea of a mating with his son, I never expected you."

Will looked up with a frown. "Your eyes are bleeding."

Hannibal's hand came to his eyes. "I see they are. It would appear your passion overtook mine. I have not cried in some time."

Will crawled over him with concern, staring down at him. "Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to.."

Hannibal shook his head as he put a finger to Will's lips. "No, Will, I just…mating can be overwhelming."

Will suddenly began to lick at his cheeks, the lines of blood on his face and then around his eyes.

Hannibal purred, "Will…"

He nuzzled and licked his cheeks, wanting to get rid of his mate's shuddering, and Hannibal pushed him back softly to frown at the tears on Will's cheeks. "I am quite fine, Will, I

promise you.

“I don’t like to see you covered in blood like this.”

Hannibal smiled, wiping the tears away more. “Unless you put it there? I assure you, your actions caused this flow as well.”

Will could not stop his tears as he shook his head. “You’re not supposed to be like this.”

Hannibal frowned. “Weak?”

Will kissed his hand, licking as he pressed his cheek against Hannibal’s palm. “Tender. Vampires are not supposed to be tender.”

Hannibal kissed his forehead. “Not those you have met. Most, I am sure, all wanted to see you dead.”

Will hummed, laying down to press his cheek to Hannibal’s own. “You’re so warm.”

“Your blood warms me, it will for many decades to come.”

Will lifted his head to frown at him. “You aren’t gonna keep doing this? Only drinking from me?”

Hannibal nodded. “I have no need for another’s taste on my tongue, mate.”

Will’s cheeks reddened at the title, and it pleased him all the way down to his toes.

“If I die…”

Hannibal hissed, his nails digging into Will’s arm. “That is NOT going to happen.”

Will swallowed. “Okay. I just think it’s reckless.”

Hannibal kissed him again.

“I am finding myself more reckless the longer I hold a stubborn young wolf in my arms.”

Will sighed. “I can feel it getting stronger. The bond. It’s not normal.”

Hannibal laughed.

“Bonds themselves are not normal, Will. As we are entirely different species, natural enemies, it is going to be an irregular bond. I promise I will not let it overcome you.”

Will could feel the tether between them getting stronger, he would die for this vampire and knew little of him but his name. “What if it overcomes us both?”

Hannibal kissed him again, rolling Will onto his back as he pressed the young wolf’s hands above him to the mattress. “Then we will navigate it. There are things that can come from such a bond.”

Will smiled. “Okay. I trust you.”

Hannibal stared at him, blood filling his eyes again, and Will frowned as a single blood tear fell down his cheek.

“Those are the three most beautiful words I have ever heard uttered to me in my eighty one years of life,” he whispered, his voice thick, “Thank you, Will, for your trust.”

Will pulled him into a hug, breathing in, and Hannibal settled on his chest. “Do you trust me?”

Hannibal sighed, fangs brushing Will’s neck as he whispered. “I want to, mate,” he said, his voice thick, “I want to.”

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal got up to give Will the now cold food from the plate that sat on the floor, holding him close as he fed Will by hand. He loved every bite, the attention of his mate and scent of their mating the perfect combination. Will listened closely after to the sound of his heart beating after missing it so long when he was done, content more than ever just being close. Hannibal kissed his shoulder as they lay, fangs brushing the skin, and Will pressed down on the back of his head.

“Take what you need.”

“You’ve barely digested.”

“I know you need more, Hannibal. Please.”

Hannibal bit down with a growl as the feel of his lips tightening to suck made Will’s whole body shudder.

‘I will never tire of your taste.’

“I never want you to.”

He drank what felt like not long enough, and Will the feel of his lips tightening as he took blood was taken.

Hannibal lifted his head up when he was finished, blood still on his lips, and Will kissed him softly. “You feel warmer.”

“Only you can make me so warm, little wolf. Only you. Which makes me fear that I may one day go too far in my taking.”

Will frowned, touching his fangs, and Hannibal trembled, his eyes fluttering. “I trust you, mate,” he said, “I know you’d never hurt me.”

Hannibal leaned over him, eyes red, and stared down at Will in wonder. “You should not give your trust away so easily, Will.”

Will’s smile faded. “If I can’t trust my mate, who can I trust?”

Hannibal sat up fully then, separating them enough that Will felt the loss. He looked upset, so upset Will could feel it in their bond, and the confusion only made him feel worse.

“Hannibal…”

He looked away and wiped the blood from his lips, licking it from his finger.

“Your father’s hatred of vampires does not seem to have rubbed off on you.”

“No, I—”

He growled as Hannibal attempted to leave the bed, grabbing his shoulder to make Hannibal look at him again.

“Where are you going? What have I done?”

“You did nothing, I’m merely…thinking too much.”

“Did you think I would hate you still? After what we’ve been to each other these last few days? That I…I’m faking it somehow?”

“Will…”

He lifted Hannibal’s chin and met his eyes. “I was a child when vampires killed my mother. I knew nothing but his hatred but I did not know her well enough to mourn her. The few vampires I’ve met face to face before this arrangement were murderous monsters who attempted to kill me, but…I did not know enough to hate a whole species because of them. You were the first I’ve ever known so clearly. Try as he might to make me hate them, I hated him more.”

Hannibal’s eyes showed emotion Will could not name as a tear fell down his cheek.

“You are quite lucky then,” he said, his voice shaking, “I still recall the day I lost my family with striking clarity. I can still hear Mischa’s screams in my nightmares.”

Will blinked. “Mischa? The name…I saw it in a book, I didn’t…I didn’t read anything but the names I promise I just…there’s not much to do in here while you sleep.”

Hannibal got up and got the book, sitting on the bed again, and turned the pages for Will to see.

“This is our family book,” he said, “Passed down generation to generation. Old tales, new ones, and just…things we shared.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “I’m sorry, I…I didn’t know,” he said, taking Hannibal’s hand.

Hannibal looked at him and smiled sadly. “You would not know,” he said, “Anything to make any vampire seem less than a monster your father, I’m sure, would not allow.”

Will nodded and squeezed his hand. “Your parents, were they…?”

He kissed Will’s hand. “Yes. My mother and father were quite well bonded, I always wanted a bond such as theirs.”

Will felt an ache in his chest, though he didn’t want to ask.

Though Hannibal heard the question anyway.

“Wolves killed them.”

Will’s eyes widened. “Wolves?”

He nodded, and pulled Will close again, his grip tight.

“Yes. We were a fledgling coven then, small and proud but…not strong. Not like now.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears as he fought not to pull away, burying his face into Hannibal’s chest. “How can you even look at me? I…”

Hannibal lifted his chin, taking Will’s hand again and bringing it close to their chests. Will didn’t know if he could speak, listening to the last few hours of his mate’s heart seemed to be calming his wolf’s upset.

“How can you even come near me? Touch me?” Hannibal asked, “We are not our pasts, pup.”

Will sniffled. “It’s not the same. You knew your family, loved them, and I don’t remember my mother at all. It’s...”

Hannibal pressed their foreheads together. “I would never blame you for someone else’s choice, nor would I hope you’d do the same to me.”

“Hannibal…”

He touched Will’s cheek. “Would you blame me for someone else’s past?”

“No, but—”

He kissed his forehead and Will closed his eyes. “Then it does not matter. I’m certain you’ve lost wolves close to you by vampire means, and it must have hurt you deeply. You…”

Will scoffed, shaking his head. “I told you,”he sniffled, “Father was not one for sentiments. He didn’t like me having things that were not him.”

Hannibal lifted Will’s chin up again and smiled. “We share a similar trait there, I must confess.”

Will laughed. “He’d be horrified to hear it.”

Hannibal took Will’s hands in his, kissing them softly. “You have not yet changed.”

Will shook his head. “I did earlier, it’s not important to do it again.”

“Come,” Hannibal said, standing.

“Where?”

Hannibal said nothing as he took his hand and pulled Will along to the window where he peeled back the curtain to show the last full moon of the month. Will could feel the pull just

seeing it in full view, his teeth lengthening as he stood watching but not allowing the change. "It calls to you, even now."

Will held onto his hand tightly. "I don't want to leave. You have only these hours…"

Hannibal kissed his hand. "I will let you in on a little secret."

Will smiled. "For someone who seemed to want to warn me off of trusting you fast, you seem to be trusting me just as easily."

Hannibal shook his head, smiling as he let Will's hand go. "I feel our bond grows by the minute, and it's…it's only you I would be so open with. Only you."

Will blushed. "Thank you," he said, "It…I…I want you to trust me."

He stretched back his arms with a sigh. "Now, about your run."

"Hannibal, I told you," Will growled, "I don't want to leave and miss this time with you. We only have so much."

Hannibal smiled. "I would run with you this night, as it is the last full moon of our mating."

Will shook his head, blushing harder. "We're covered in blood, semen, and other things, should we not…the other wolves…"

Hannibal shook his head again, bringing his hand up to Will's face. "This is not about the other wolves, little wolf. Only you."

"I don't understand, you've run with me before. What's the difference?"

Hannibal's eyes glowed red as he got on his knees. "I will show you."

Will nearly screamed as he watched him start to shift, hands to his mouth as he leaned against the wall, staring with wide eyes. His eyes started to glow yellow as he stared, barely able to do more than growl out.

Hannibal's shift had made him a beautiful white wolf, his red eyes so stark against the fur that Will could hardly look away as he bared his sharp teeth.

Will's wolf wanted to leap with joy, while he wanted to run away from his mate for fear of what else he'd kept hidden. "Hannibal?"

'Will, calm yourself.'

He shifted with ease and slowly moved closer, sniffing at Hannibal's muzzle.

'It is you,' he said in his head, whining, 'I can…why didn't you tell me?'

'I am telling you now.'

‘Those first nights,’ Will growled, ‘You could’ve told me, you could’ve…oh. You didn’t trust me.’

‘Will…’

Hannibal licked his nose, and he did the same, rubbing against him.

‘I have not lifted the bestiality rule, mate, no matter how lovely your form is,’ Hannibal teased.

Will chuffed. ‘I wasn’t even thinking about that. We can’t go running, they’ll see.’

Hannibal licked his ear. ‘No one will see me but you.’

He leapt out the window without another word, and Will hurried to follow to the ground. They started to run together, though Will was so excited he quickly tackled him to the ground, growling happily. ‘Got you!’

Hannibal licked his nose.

‘Yes, you do.’

They rolled around a bit, growling playfully till Will was on top of him again.

‘What did you mean that no one would see you?’

Hannibal threw him off and started to run again, his howl making Will’s wolf echo in response and feeling perfectly content for the first time since his arrival.

‘Just that, mate. If any choose to watch you now, as I would hope they are, they would see you running alone.’

Will stopped running and let his mate throw him down, turning Hannibal over again. ‘That won’t look weird? Me leaving you to run around alone when we’ve run together before?’

Hannibal bit at his neck and Will growled happily, attempting to bite back only to have the king throw him off once more.

‘They will think you are angry with me, I suppose.’

Will growled, this time actually angry as he suddenly shifted back. “Perfect,” he mumbled, walking back toward the house, “Now they’ll think I’m a little brat who doesn’t even want to spend time with his mate. Just fucking great.”

He ran faster with tears filling his eyes as he imagined all the talk from Hannibal’s coven about his coldness towards his mate. Any hope of friendship amongst his kind or Hannibal’s would be gone and he would be considered undeserving of the king’s bite.

Hannibal’s voice in his head did not stop him. ‘Will, I did not think.’

Will did not answer or notice the growling until another wolf was upon him. He was thrown back as a black wolf crashed into him, snarling and angry as Will suddenly changed once more growling right back.

The other wolf began to circle him, Will attempting to attack only for a completely nude Hannibal coming out of nowhere to crash into the black wolf with a hiss fighting back as he growled.

"You would DARE to attack what's mine? Have you lost all sense, Tobias?"

The wolf growled, snapping as he suddenly turned into his human form struggling to speak.

"He is not worthy of you! He is not worthy of any of this! He is…"

Hannibal's hand came to the other wolf's throat and Will felt an abnormal thrill at watching the life being drained from someone. He was glad that Hannibal was not biting the other wolf as Will did not think his own would be able to stand watching his mate's teeth in another's jugular that was not his own.

Not tonight.

His mate hissed and turned to Will. "Tell me, Will, what you would like done."

Will's eyes were lit and Hannibal's as well. "He should die for disrespecting our bond and not following the king's command."

Hannibal chuckled. "Not for attempting to murder you?"

Will walked over to them, his hand on Hannibal's arm making the vampire snap his teeth in invitation. He smiled, and nuzzled Hannibal's cheek while he glared at Tobias. "He would not have gotten even close to killing me."

Hannibal suddenly let go of the other wolf, leaving Tobias gasping for breath. "I would have you kill him then, pup."

Will's eyes widened. "Me? I've never…"

Tobias laughed, coughing as he tried to stand. "SEE? He is not worthy of your greatness! This CHILD is not worth being called your MATE!"

Will growled. "I AM!"

"No, you are not! You are just a spoiled child that even the king of wolves didn't want to keep!" Tobias laughed.

Will saw red, throwing the other wolf down with a force that surprised him and when he growled through fanged teeth.

"I am his mate and you…never will be," he hissed, pulling out his clawed hand and raising it to cut across the older wolf's throat.

He threw his head back and howled so loudly the whole coven had to have heard. It felt amazing, freeing, and terrifying all at once.

Will barely had time to look at Hannibal before he was on him, teeth sinking into his neck as he moaned. He felt Hannibal's hardness making him moan as he held him tight, Tobias's dead body laying under them.

"You were magnificent, Will. So strong, so perfect, my little mate."

Will shivered, leaning his head back as he howled again and pushed his backside against Hannibal's cock. "I've never…felt so powerful."

Hannibal's hands came to his hips, and he rocked against him making Will moan but made no move to enter him. "I feared for you, but I knew you would have a victory."

Will grabbed Hannibal's arm and bit down, making the vampire hiss and let go of his neck.

"I could feel you watching me, I wanted to please you."

"You have done nothing else but please me since you came into my life, mate. Every part of you pleases me."

Will whined as he let Hannibal's arm go, moving his head back for a kiss that mingled the blood together in their mouths and made both creatures even more aroused than before. Will attempted to grab himself but his mate hissed, pushing his hand away.

"No, I would please you, me and only me."

Will growled, suddenly struggling not to shift. "Fuck me, I need…"

Hannibal threw him to the ground, running his hand down Will's backside, and every touch was torture.

" *Mine* ."

Will howled, rocking back against him as he lifted his ass higher.

"Please, please, please…"

"Look at him, Will," Hannibal growled, "Look at what you've done."

Will turned to look at Tobias's bloodied body, his wolf howling at the sight, and his moan of surprise at Hannibal's tongue entered him was almost as loud as his howling had been.

'I am vastly becoming addicted to your taste.'

Will quickly began to thrust back, needing more.

"Christ, it feels so…so…fuck…"

He threw his head back as Hannibal's tongue thrust in deeper, even teasing his fangs at Will's opening as he continued. Every thrust made him want more and when he hit Will's inner pleasure Will howled, grabbing for himself once again only to have Hannibal push his hand away.

"Only me, mate. Please, Will."

Will felt tears in his eyes. "Please."

"Don't look away from him, Will. You *did* that, *you* . No one else. You are my mate, and always will be."

Will turned, eyes filled with tears as he took in the clawed wound on Tobias's neck, moaning as Hannibal's nails dug into his sides. Hannibal's movements became faster, more erratic as he tasted him and when Will came it was with a deep cry as Hannibal added a finger alongside his tongue, his other hand petting Will's flank appreciatively.

He pulled away and rolled Will onto his back, smiling down at his little mate as he started to lick away every drop from Will's skin.

"You please me so."

Will was shaking still, his hands in Hannibal's hair as he was tongue bathed. "I want to make you come too."

Hannibal lifted his head up, his fangs shining in the moonlight as he smiled. "My pleasure is yours, mate. Your taste alone made me weak but your pleasure made mine fall right over the edge alongside you."

Will's hands came down his torso and felt the truth of his words.

"You came while you were tasting me?"

Hannibal leaned down to kiss Will softly.

"Yes, little pup. Does that please you? My pleasure at the sight of your kill, tongue fucking you as you stared at him and reveled in the finality of his death making me come so quickly?"

Will moaned, pulling him down closer. "Yes."

Hannibal licked at his temple and down his face, nuzzling Will's hair and scenting him as a wolf mate would. Will whined, scenting back, and his happiness echoed through their bond. Hannibal was following a wolf tradition, for him, and tears came to his eyes knowing how much his mate already cared.

"He is watching us now, even in death he cannot have me."

Will growled, digging his nails into Hannibal's shoulders just as Hannibal lifted his head. "Mine."

He smiled and kissed Will softly. “Yes, little wolf. All yours.”

Will pulled him down to his chest, and felt Hannibal turn his head to look at Tobias’s body so he did the same.

“There will be more of them. Where there is one there is more,” Hannibal warned, tightening his arms around Will as he spoke.

Will’s hand came to his hair. “Yes, there probably will be. Did he live here long?”

“Scarcely over a year, give or take. I granted him asylum when no one else would as he had murdered the wolf he was supposed to have mated.”

Will tensed. “He killed his mate?”

Hannibal kissed Will’s bare chest. “No. His arranged mate. Tobias did not find him worthy either.”

Will sighed, relaxing. “I can’t imagine any wolf wanting to kill their mate, not…not if it feels like us.”

Hannibal lifted his head. “His arranged mate, Will,” he said, “Their families made the match and Tobias objected to it, despite the money.”

Will suddenly felt rather ill, attempting to sit up only for Hannibal to keep him there.

“Tell me why you're upset,” he asked, frowning down at him.

“I don’t like talking about this,” he admitted, as Hannibal touched his cheek, “Wolves don’t…talk like this.”

“About death.”

“About killing other wolves.”

Hannibal shook his head. “You’re lying to me now, little wolf. You do not like the talk of killing intended mates, not about killing other wolves.”

Will’s blush was immediate. “I just…I don’t like thinking about it.”

Hannibal nuzzled under his chin, nipping at the healing mating bite on his neck, and made Will shiver. “Then we will not,” he promised, holding up Will’s arm, “Not if it ruins this last moon.”

Will hugged him tight. “Thank you.”

Hannibal lifted his head and smiled down at him. “We will run again and you may chase me, or we can lay in bed discussing more pleasant things.”

Will blushed harder. “I like chasing you.”

Hannibal sat up slowly and Will changed form, staring as he waited impatiently for his mate to do the same only to growl when Hannibal took off without shifting.

‘If you catch me, I will let you choose who you are chasing this night.’

Will howled and took off running.

He quickly got lost in the trees, trying to catch breath, and sniffed hoping to smell blood but finding too many scents.

So he listened for Hannibal’s heart.

It didn’t take long after that.

Will collided with him behind a tree, knocking Hannibal to the ground, and pinning him.

‘Found you.’

Hannibal smiled. “That you did,” he said, petting Will’s head, “How did you find me, little wolf?”

‘Heart,’ he said, ‘I followed your heart.’

He saw Hannibal’s surprise, followed by an intense feeling of care in their bond.

“I see,” he said, “Well…what am I to be?”

‘You know.’

Later, exhausted and both nuzzling against each other as wolves Hannibal licked Will’s muzzle as they headed towards the house.

‘You are formidable,’ Hannibal admitted.

Will felt the praise, head held high, and he was sure his happiness spread from their bond.

‘You’re not so bad yourself,’ Will teased.

They both shifted form underneath the window before jumping back inside with an ease that was becoming second nature.

Hannibal shut the windows and curtains, and they climbed into bed together after tangling together as close as they could be. Will buried his nose against Hannibal’s neck, licking, and Hannibal teased his teeth.

“How did you enjoy this moon, little wolf?”

Will smiled. “It was perfect.”

He could feel something in their bond, building more and more, but didn’t know what the feeling was, only that every echo made Will feel wonderful.

“I only hope that after this night,” he said, rubbing Will’s back, “You will still want me just as badly.”

Will lifted his head and frowned. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Hannibal shook his head. “Forgive me,” he said, “I was thinking foolishness.”

“But why would…”

He kissed Will’s hand and entwined their fingers. “Promise me you will eat tomorrow while I sleep, that you will leave the bedroom.”

“But…”

“Promise me.”

Will frowned. “Ok.”

He kissed him softly, and pulled Will in for another embrace.

“If my last feeling in this world was you, I would die happily.”

Will held him tighter. “Don’t talk like that.”

“I will not, I was just…feeling melancholy.”

He lifted his head. “Are you ok?”

Hannibal smiled and touched his cheek. “I am quite well, mate. Just tired.”

Will’s hand came in his hair and Hannibal sighed. “You’re going to get cold again soon.”

Hannibal kissed Will’s hand. “Yes. As I do every morning.”

“I don’t like it.”

Hannibal’s grip as he teased, “Then get another mate, little pup.”

Will leaned over him, frowning, and shook his head.

“Mine. You’re mine. I don’t want anyone else.”

Hannibal smiled even as life faded from his eyes, and Will could feel the sun coming up as he watched.

“Neither do I.”

He held him, holding tight as their bodies touched, and fell asleep.

Hannibal may have to die every morning, but he would always keep him warm.

Chapter End Notes

No Hannibal isn't part werewolf, it's just one of his abilities for being a born vampire. I struggled with keeping it in or taking it out, and kept it in because I plan on using it later but I just wanted to clarify?

Chapter 7

Will woke with his face buried into Hannibal's neck, the stiff coldness making him frown but not panic as it had the last few days at the loss of his mate's heartbeat.

He sat up and stretched, getting up with reluctance to head into the bathroom and wash off last night's activities.

The warmth of shower made him smile and he closed his eyes, remembering the night before running with his mate and killing to protect his claim.

His wolf howled in triumph over the memory as Will remembered his mate's praise and the feel of Hannibal's tongue entering him. His hand wandered to his cock and started to move, stroking as he imagined Hannibal behind him whispering, 'Just like that, little wolf. Show me,' and when he came Will had to bite his lip to keep from letting loose a howl.

He left the shower clean and content, but stopped to look at his mate suddenly bereft that his body no longer smelled like Hannibal now that he'd showered. Will dropped his towel and crawled across the bed to burrow close to Hannibal's stiff body, nuzzling him to get back his scent again.

Will pressed his lips to Hannibal's cheek after, feeling better now, and sighed. "Sleep well." He got off the bed and made sure the blinds were secure before he dressed. He looked at himself in the mirror, wearing his own clothes now, and his nerves won out over his fear. The door made a creak when he opened it slowly and peered out to see no one in the halls. It had been three days since he'd left the room and yet he still fought the need to stay, remembering his promise to Hannibal.

He was startled when two women came by, eyeing him with interest, and blushed as he tried to get passed. Will swallowed, fighting the urge to go back into the bedroom, and walked by them quickly. He headed down the stairs and was relieved to see a familiar face come by him.

"Tyrell."

The other wolf paused as he looked up, and seemed surprised to see him. "You've graduated beyond the bedroom," he said with a smile,"I take it your wolf is sated after last night's kill."

Will's eyes widened. "You know?"

Tyrell grinned. "You didn't hide the body, Will, and the howls were…quite loud. I was one of those who dragged the body in for draining."

Will swallowed back the images that brought to him, but part of him was happy that they were using the wolf for something. "The meat?"

The other wolf seemed surprised by his question. "We do not waste meat here, Will," he said, "Not even with the treaty stopping the war."

He could feel his stomach lurch just thinking about it, but his wolf seemed pleased that they were providing for his mate's coven. "I am hungry," Will confessed, "Though I hope Tobias isn't on the menu."

Tyrell laughed. "No, we have breakfast for once. Some of the others were able to trade with your father's people last night."

Will smiled' "I'm glad, and still hungry."

The other wolf patted his shoulder. "You've barely eaten,Will, so I'm sure you are. Come, I'll introduce you to the others."

He could smell the other wolves' interest as they passed, eyes on him as they made their way beyond the front hall and into the dining room. There were lots of wolves still moving around as well as someone who smelled like nothing Will had ever smelled before.

"A human," Will said, his eyes wide as he stared.

Almost everyone stopped moving as he spoke and the woman who had been setting out the place settings for breakfast stopped to smile.

"It's always nice to be noticed," she teased, setting down the utensils in her hand to hold it out for Will, "Especially by the King's mate."

Will took her hand and shook it slowly, not sure if he might hurt her.

"Will Graham, I mean…Lecter? I don't…I don't know how that works."

The woman laughed.

"Beverly Katz, and I think it's safe to say Hannibal will let you choose whatever name you want. He's pretty good about free will in his coven."

Will frowned at her. "You respect him," he said, "The way you speak…"

Beverly's smile fell some, and even he could see she forced herself to keep it up.

"He saved my life," she said, setting out more place settings as she looked down, "There's no one I respect more to be honest. You're lucky to have him as your mate, plenty have tried and he hasn't…I'm not sure he's ever even looked at someone in that way before."

Will could feel a deep growl in his chest and saw the fear in hers as Tyrell suddenly coughed.

"Bev, I think maybe breakfast is ready, you should go check on that."

She nodded once and took off as Will suddenly let out a long breath and felt Tyrell's hand on his shoulder. "Everything ok?"

Will nodded. "I don't know what that was."

The older wolf laughed. “Jealousy, my friend. You’ll get used to it, and know what to do when need be, especially after last night.”

Will’s lip curled as he remembered Tobias.

“I guess everyone knows about that too?”

Tyrell nodded. “It’s common knowledge Tobias had a bit of a…crush…on the King. Hannibal himself never seemed to notice, but most of us did. We just never expected he’d be so reckless. I promise you, we would’ve warned the both of you if we had.”

Will nodded. “I believe you.”

“But jealousy is common, especially for us wolves with our mates.”

“I’m hoping it’ll fade,” he mumbled, “And not feel so…urgent.”

Tyrell smiled. “I promise you, it won’t fade much, but remember that he’s yours and you’ll be fine.”

Will frowned as he stared around the large dining room. “I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do here,” he said, “I mean…I’m sure people expect something from me.”

Tyrell walked over to the table and pulled out a chair at the head of the table. “Sit, puppy.”

Will glared and the other man laughed as he sat down. “I’m not a puppy,” Will mumbled.

Tyrell sat at his left side, smiling still.

“You’re a young wolf, sequestered and sheltered. Where I come from, that's a puppy.”

Will’s lip curled. “Well then where you come from is wrong because I’m not a puppy I’m a…”

“King,” someone said, making Will look up to see a man close to his father’s age holding a bowl of scrambled eggs, “That’s the making of a King, Ty, you know better than most.”

Tyrell grabbed the spoon and gve Will some on his plate. “That I do, mate. That I do. Which is why I’m serving him first.”

The other man held out his hand, “Nicholas, though most people call me Nick.”

Will smiled as he took it., “Will, I take it last names don’t count for much around here.”

Nick laughed.

“Unless you still care about your past, which most people in Hannibal’s coven don’t. Tyrell and I,” the man held out his hand for his mate to take, “We don’t care about anything but our future.”

Will liked the sound of that, and was not at all surprised when the words immediately made him think of Hannibal lying in a faux death above them.

“That’s nice to hear, I…”

All at once several others came in to sit down and seemed not nearly as friendly as those he’d met earlier. He saw some people eye him with surprise and others almost fear, a mix of human and wolf made up the table and Will wondered if there were more.

“Hello,” he said quietly.

An older woman who sat at the end of the table had been staring at him the entire time, her eyes filled with something else that Will couldn’t name.

Though she was the first to answer him. “Hello, Will.”

Will smiled.

“It’s nice to meet all of you, I’ve…well I’m sorry it’s taken so long for me to come down it’s…it’s strange. I didn’t mean to be rude.”

Tyrell laughed, patting him on the back.

“Some of us have been there, Will,” the man said, “No need to explain. Let’s eat!”

Breakfast was so fast and so many people started to introduce themselves telling stories of how they came to stay with Hannibal’s group that he lost track of them all. He learned the older woman at the end of the table was named Elizabeth, and she had come running from a heartless mate.

Will bristled at the idea of leaving a mate as it didn’t even seem normal to want to in his mind.

“I’m sorry, I don’t…isn’t your mate supposed to take care of you?”

The woman smiled, shaking her head.

“Ideally, yes, but that’s not always what happens. Not all wolves get to choose theirs.”

Will felt strangely annoyed at the idea that it was wrong to have an arranged mating and he saw that other wolves around them could see his upset.

His eyes glowed as he growled.

“I didn’t choose mine and I don’t think it’s right to want to leave, your mate is your heart and to sever that bond it’s…”

Elizabeth stood up with a growl, and he could see at once she was a wolf as her eyes glowed.

“You’re still too young to understand that just because you bond it doesn’t mean it’s a good one,” she said, her voice shaking, “I think I’m through eating for today. It was nice to meet you.”

Will blushed at his rudeness and stood up to follow.

“Excuse me,” he said, ust as Tyrell grabbed his arm. “Will, don’t, just…just leave her.”

Will ignored him and followed Elizabeth through the kitchen, breathing in her faint scent out of the house.

“Will, wait!” he heard Tyrell yell, and turned angrily to glare at him.

“You’re not going to stop me, I need to apologize, it’s…people expect me to be stronger than this. I can’t have them see me be like that without apologizing.”

Tyrell sighed.

“Liz has been here for a long while, she’s…it’s a long story she doesn’t share with everyone.”

Will frowned. “Was she hurt by her mate? I don’t…I really don’t understand.”

Tyrell walked him through the door and they stood on the porch, watching Elizabeth walk towards the stables.

“She was cheating on her mate with someone else.”

Will’s eyes widened and he let out a low growl.

“She cheated on her mate? That’s horrible! I can’t even…”

Tyrell sighed. “Like she said, puppy, not all arranged bondings go as well as yours seems to be.”

Will blushed, his fangs still hanging over his lips. “It’s still so strange, I don’t…what happened to the other wolf? Is she…are they here?”

Tyrell frowned. “It was a vampire.”

Will’s eyes widened. “Oh, that’s–”

Will looked out again at the stables, and barely heard the door open behind them till Nick spoke.

“Everything okay here?”

“Just bringing Will up to speed on some things.”

Nick frowned. “Liz okay? She took off pretty fast.”

“I think she’s just embarrassed.”

Will touched the mating mark on his arm, still on edge at the thought of someone leaving their mating. “And jealous probably,” he growled.

“Will.”

He looked at them both. “What happened to the vampire?”

Tyrell shared a look with Nick who just nodded.

“He was killed in the war, but it was a long time ago.”

“Had they mated? Was it…?”

“I don’t think this is your business, is it puppy?” Tyrell asked, sounding upset.

Will blushed. “I’m sorry. I just…I wondered, that was all.”

Tyrell sighed. “I don’t mean to sound angry at you, Will, it’s fine. I just…there’s been a lot of sadness in this coven.”

Will remembered Hannibal’s family and felt an ache in his chest. “I know.”

Tyrell patted his shoulder. “Now let's introduce you around to the others. I’m sure you’ll want to see the kids.”

Will frowned. “Kids?”

Tyrell and Nick both laughed.

“You didn’t see all those houses beyond the trees while you claimed your mate? There’s three hundred other people here Will. Human, wolf, and vampire alike. Hannibal harbors them all.”

Will’s eyes widened as Tyrell and Nick led him down the stairs of the porch. “That’s a lot of people.”

The other wolves laughed again and started to walk with him towards what Will saw were quite a lot of homes for him to have not noticed when he got here. They walked through what Will could only consider a neighborhood, and he thought of the kingdom his father governed over.

His father had never once visited any of his people, Will knew that for certain, and as he could not remember his mother at all Will suspected she hadn’t either. There were lots of wolves in their army, he’d seen them pass by as he walked on the grounds but he couldn’t recall any but his father’s chosen few living near them.

Hannibal had taken in an inordinate amount of people and Will knew there were others he was ruler over that lived beyond the house but they were not these. These were his, Will

could feel their appreciation as he introduced himself among them.

Will spent his morning with Nick and Tyrell, the two wolves were guarding him he knew but didn't comment though part of him felt annoyed that they thought he needed to be.

But maybe he did after last night's surprise attack.

He could almost hear Hannibal's words in his head. *"There will be more of them. Where there is one there is more."*

There was a reason then, really, though it did not mean he had to enjoy it.

Will's stomach started to growl as they rounded the next corner but he made no move to stop, the wolves and humans he'd met so far deserved to at least be introduced to him if only for a moment.

"Will, it is time to go back."

Will growled, "No."

The other two wolves said nothing as they headed on and when Will saw the little girl in the middle of the makeshift road he leaned down to smile at her. "Hello, where is your…?"

He smelled the blood even before the girl's arms came around his shoulders, she could not be older than three and he felt her shaking against him.

"Something's wrong," he growled, his wolf on edge.

Both the wolves at his back were growling as well.

"I'll go check. Karen should be out here, she and Sarah…" Nick growled.

Nick ran inside and Tyrell seemed to want to follow, his steps faltering as he turned to Will who held onto the little girl tightly. "Go."

The other wolf went in after his mate and looked at the little girl.

"Honey, where is your mommy?"

The girl was human, he could smell her quite clearly this close, and seemed unable to speak. Will's hand came to her head as he attempted to soothe her and saw the wide eyes of both his wolf compatriots as they came out of the small home.

"This is an attack," he growled, handing the girl to Tyrell, "They wanted me to be out for this. They…" dawning horror came to Will almost instantly, "Hannibal."

Will could not help the change when it came on him, the only thoughts were of his mate and the fact that someone could be on their way to kill him.

He could barely hear the yelling of the other wolves as he ran, growling and rushing back through the throngs of houses till he saw the large clearing behind Hannibal's own.

He howled loudly when he saw the open window that led to his bedroom, picturing the slow burn of his mate as he leapt through it only to find there was no one there.

Will whined, changing at once as he sniffed the bed, his eyes wide as he smelled a scent in the air.

Blood.

He rushed to the closed bathroom door and threw it open to see his mate on the floor with a dead wolf in his arms.

He froze. "You're awake."

Hannibal looked ashen, burned, and his eyes were bleeding red as he fought to speak.

"I felt your anguish, your fear, I could not let them take you," he whispered, his voice hoarse.

Will rushed to him, burying his nose in Hannibal's neck as tears fell down his cheeks. "I thought…I…I thought they'd…"

Hannibal was shaking, and he coughed just before Will felt the shudder go through him. "No, no little wolf. No."

Will pulled away and held back his neck.

"Drink. Please," he begged, and Hannibal leaned in slower than he should have, making Will whine, "Please."

The bite made Will shudder, and he kicked the door closed as he heard shouting beyond it though they plunged into darkness. He pulled Hannibal closer and felt an urgent need come off of his mate.

'I am finding it hard to keep my eyes open, pup.'

"Just a little longer," Will whispered, letting out a sob.

Hannibal took more before he collapsed against Will, and he felt the life go out of him. He held him tightly, and pressed kisses along his burned skin in the dark.

"Will, what's happened?"

"DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR!"

"Is everything ok?"

"Will, I can help, I promise I just want to help."

“Just you,” Will said, his voice shaking, “No one else.”

“Alright,” Tyrell said, “I’m coming inside.”

The door opened slowly, and he heard Tyrell’s gasp of surprise before he closed the door again.

“Can I turn on the light?”

“Yes,” Will said, nuzzling Hannibal, “It won’t bother him.”

The light made his eyes hurt for a moment, and Tyrell growled when he saw the dead wolf on the floor. “What happened?”

“I killed him,” Wil lied, “He was going to kill Hannibal.”

Tyrell eyed him silently for a moment, and listened to his heartbeat waiting for an uptick to detect if he knew he lied. It was barely there, but he heard it, and knew the other wolf wouldn’t dare contradict him.

“You defended him well.”

Will leaned across Hannibal, and licked the blood from his cheek. “There are traitors here.”

Tyrell nodded.

“For sure, yes. Nick is looking into it, I promise you. Nothing like this has happened before.”

“There needs to be better protection in this room,” he hissed, “The blinds and the curtains hide nothing, and if he had died I would’ve killed the person responsible for getting them along with everyone else I could find.”

Tyrell’s eyes widened for a second but he nodded.

“I will look into it, Will. I…you did well today.”

Will growled.

“Please leave, I don’t like you in here.”

Tyrell nodded, and took a step back to touch the door handle.

“I will bring food for you, I know it’s not on a list of priorities right now but the blood you’ve lost will need replenishing.”

Will put a hand to his neck in surprise. He hadn’t even thought to hide the bite on his neck.

“Yes.”

“I would take the body from the room, the scent will drive you mad being this near.”

“Thank you.”

Will could feel his anger rise when the other wolf came near them but he held onto Hannibal tightly as Tyrell picked up the body. He said a name softly as he stared at the man’s face.

“Gideon.”

That was the name of Hannibal’s assassin then.

At least now he knew.

“Please close the window and the,” Will fought for words through his anger, “Blinds.”

Tyrell nodded and went to do just that as. Will stood up, washing his neck as he stared in the mirror. He looked down at the wolf his mate had killed. His lip curled back and he stared, getting angrier, and when Tyrell returned he was glad the other wolf took Gideon at once.

“I will return with food, I…I promise we won’t let anything like this happen again.”

Will glared. “I won’t let this happen again, not while I’m here.”

“Yes, I…I’ll be back.”

“Leave the food outside,” Will growled, “I…I don’t think I can see you again today.”

Tyrell ran off and didn’t say another word as he left them alone again. He was reluctant to leave the safety of the bathroom, even as he knew Tyrell had closed the window and blinds. He sighed and sat down on the floor again pulling Hannibal in close.

“I’m here,” he said, “I’m here.”

The knock that came made him pause before he growled.

“I’ll leave it outside!” Tyrell said.

Will waited to hear him go, and washed the blood from his bite hating to see it healed again so soon. He moved his foot to touch Hannibal’s own, and the dead feeling began to feel like a comfort after now. Hannibal needed this sleep, and he would be sure to let him get it safely. .

He listened more, sure no one was close, and stood up before taking Hannibal in his arms with ease. Will buried his face into Hannibal’s neck as he opened the door, and his stomach growled when he smelled meat but made no move to stop to taste. He laid Hanibal in bed and stared at him for far too long before he pulled himself away to find his food. It was fish, much to Will’s surprise, and his hunger was suddenly so urgent he tore into the fish savagely. There was also juice, and even some red vegetables he’d never had before. He drank quickly from the juice provided, tasting orange on his tongue and finished the rest fast so he could be close to Hannibal again.

Will hugged him from behind and sighed as he thought about the assassin.

This was his father's work, he knew it had to be. No one else would even dare attack Hannibal in his own home and Will was disgusted at his naiveté that this arranged marriage compromise would see the end of the war.

Will suddenly felt an urge to shift, and laid his head over Hannibal's stiffness as a wolf knowing it would be the best way to protect his mate. It didn't take long after that for him to drift off, content he was doing the right thing.

He woke to fangs in his neck, and moaned as his hand came through Hannibal's hair.

'Good evening.'

"Oh…oh…"

Hannibal's hand came to his cock, and stroked slowly making him moan.

''You have been eating, I can taste the difference in you.'

Will arched into his touch, letting out a whimper as his hand quickened, and barely could speak.

"I…I…oh…oh please…"

'What have you eaten?'

"O…range…juice…fish…and red…I don't…"

He bit down hard, and Will gasped as his orgasm was ripped from him. Hannibal licked at the wound, rutting against his backside, and he felt him shudder as his body came down from the pleasure high.

Hannibal's mouth left him, and he turned Will on his back as he smiled down at him. "Beets," he whispered, kissing him softly, "Tyrell knows the perfect combination for good blood flow."

Will's arms came round his neck, and he pulled Hannibal into a hug breathing in as he listened to his heart beat. "I could've lost you this morning," he whispered, his voice shaking.

Hannibal kissed his cheek, his fangs brushing Will's ear, "But you did not."

Will closed his eyes, and he felt a tear fall down his cheek. "I don't think I've ever been so scared before, not of anything."

Hannibal lifted his head and stared at hm. "Neither have I, not for a very long time."

Will touched his face.

"Has that ever happened to you before? Waking during the sun? I did not know vampires could."

Hannibal took his hand and kissed it. “It has only happened one other time and it was under similar circumstances, just different.”

“Someone was in your head then? You heard them?”

Hannibal shook his head, settling his head down on Will’s chest.

“It was the morning my father, mother, and sister were killed. My eyes opened when the stake entered my chest as it was quite painful.”

Will’s grip on him tightened, “I…there is not a scar.”

Hannibal kissed his chest. “Vampires do not scar, except for the mating bite, and even then that is close to a fade. It is the same for wolves, is it not?”

Will felt his eyes getting wet as he nodded. “Yes. Silver is something but it must be against the skin for a long while. I’m sure you’ve used it before in the war.”

Hannibal sighed. “Yes, many times.”

“Vampires cannot be poisoned with much,” Will said, squeezing his hand, “My father once told me the only way to kill a vampire is to cut out its heart, that inside it was dead but something kept them alive.”

Hannibal lifted his head, taking Will’s own hand to put on his chest. Will felt his mate’s heart beat against his palm. “Does mine feel dead?”

Will smiled.

“No, but as you’ve said you’re not like the others. They cannot turn into wolves either.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand again to his lips and smiled.

“My mother would’ve loved you, as would my sister,” he said suddenly, “My father would have tolerated you.”

Will swallowed. “How long ago was it?”

“A very long time,” Hannibal said, moving to put his head on Will’s chest again, “I was naïve and young then, not the monster I am now.”

Will frowned.“I don’t think you’re a monster.”

Hannibal kissed his chest, but didn’t look at him.

“I would tell you that you do not know me well enough yet, but you would say the same.”

Will ran his fingers through Hannibal’s hair.

“I would tempt you to stay here forever,” he said, frowning, “But I imagine you need to dress and make an appearance. There were deaths.”

Hannibal lifted his head. “Who?”

Will shook his head. “There was a little child, a girl? I believe her two mothers were killed? I wasn’t in my right mind to be sure.”

Hannibal sighed, sitting up. Will put his hand on his husband’s shoulder as Hannibal shook his head. “Tyrell should not have to speak for me. I must go, *we* must go.”

Will kissed his shoulder. “I’ll get dressed.”

They both dressed quickly, though Will was stopped quite a few times to admire his mate’s quickness as he moved with such ease. Hannibal came to him so fast when they were done that Will nearly fell into his arms, though Hannibal caught him with ease as he kissed him.

“I would have you stand by my side, little wolf,” he said,”They need to see you are no one to be trifled with.”

Will felt warmth at his words. “So says the vampire who calls me ‘little wolf’ and ‘pup’.”

Hannibal smiled, taking Will’s hand. “Even little wolves and pups have sharp teeth.”

Will squeezed their hands together and clicked his teeth as Hannibal kissed him, unable to do much else even as his voice entered Will’s mind.

‘We must take more care to leave, I know they are waiting for us.’

Will sighed, pressing his face against Hannibal’s neck as the vampire’s hand came to his curls.

“Then we must not make them wait any longer.”

There were now more than four guards on the sides of their door when they entered the hall, and each one nodded once standing straighter as they passed. Will resisted the urge to growl, and only moved closer to Hannibal as they went down the stairs. They entered the dining room and Will saw other vampires in the house for the first time since his arrival along with wolves and humans he’d seen before.

Hannibal nodded to the man with the harelip and the young woman he remembered from when they took Winston from his father’s house.

‘Abigail and Francis are very loyal to me, Will. I’m glad you remember them as Abigail was quite eager to tell me what she thought of you.’

‘Good things?’

Hannibal squeezed his hand. ‘Good things.’

Hannibal stood up letting go of his hand before he spoke. “I have been informed by my mate that this morning there was an attack on the coven.”

Tyrell nodded as he stepped forward.

"Yes, King. Seven killed, twelve injured, I…we lost vampires, wolves, and humans. The perpetrators have been taken care of swiftly and their leader," he looked at Will, "Was taken down by your mate."

Hannibal shared a smile with Will, their shared secret making Will warm even if Tyrell suspected.

"Yes, I am aware of the threat against me as I slept. I mourn our losses and plan on compensation for the families of the dead and injured, I…" he looked around the table, "Sebastian was among them?"

The table had grown in size with the inclusion of the vampires who stood around as Will suddenly saw the loss in everyone's eyes around him.

Elizabeth suddenly appeared, and Will stepped close to Hannibal out of some strange need.

"Yes, King. He was taken as he slept. Mina is not joining us this evening."

Hannibal nodded, looking to Will again.

"I would like a full change in security details and I will find those responsible for orchestrating this attack swiftly I promise you all," he took Will's hand in his and held it, "I would thank you all for your patience in our mating and your warm reception Will received this morning before the attack ruined everything."

"Will has been quite eager to take over your duties while you are incapacitated," Tyrell said, smiling at Will who blushed.

The somber feeling over the group made Will frown. He let out a long breath before he finally spoke.

"I know you're all thinking that it was probably my father that did this," he said, his voice tight as several of them glared but he didn't look away, "And so do I. We will figure out who this was and if he was in any way involved, I promise you swift justice by my own hand."

Will could feel Hannibal's appreciation through their bond and stepped closer as Hannibal squeezed his hand.

"Will is one of us, make no mistake about that," he said, looking out at everyone, "Now I would like the security team to make a new plan of action for the entire coven collective area while Will and I go meet with the surrounding homes."

The group dispersed at once, several of them coming together elsewhere - the security team WIll assumed - while he and Hannibal left the room.

Will let out a breath and he held Hannibal's hand tighter as they walked.

'That was harder than I thought it would be.'

‘You did splendidly.’

‘Several of them hate me still.’

‘Yes, but they do not know you.’

They stepped outside together and Hannibal pulled Will into his arms, kissing him softly.

“You were perfect.”

Will could feel a rumble in his chest at the appreciation, and closed his eyes as an almost purr rose up from him. He would have been embarrassed if he didn’t know many of the other coven members would kill to be in his position.

“King,” someone said, startling Will out of his haze of pleasure.

It was Elizabeth. Will remembered their talk from earlier in the morning just yesterday and could not help his frown, wondering if the woman was about to tell Hannibal how rude he was.

“Yes, Liz?”

She smiled.

“Thank you for coming down and greeting everyone after this…horrible time. I know the house is not really fit for the amount of people inside and I know you just want time with your mate but I wanted you to know how appreciative so many of us are. The others are not so comfortable in showing their thanks but…I wanted you to hear it, for us all.”

Hannibal held out his hand and she took it before letting their hands part. The fond look they shared was far too intimate for Will, and he bristled even as he tried not to show it. He found his eyes glowed and looked away not to show his upset.

“Thank you, Liz,” Hannibal said softly, “Will and I have somewhere to be and we must go.”

“Of course.”

Will turned to glare after her, his wolf irritated as he watched.

“You do not like her.”

“She left her mate,” Will said, “It’s not normal. I know it’s different, that her mate wasn’t…it wasn’t like us but I can’t imagine doing anything like that. Even if you don’t feel loved, a bond is not to be taken so lightly.

“Let us walk, little wolf.”

Will frowned. “Ok.”

They started to walk more, hands still tight together, and he could feel a strangeness in their bond from Hannibal's side.

"Not all matings are perfect, pup," he said, "You do not know the hearts of others as well as you seem to know mine but some…some have no heart in their matings at all.

Will frowned. "I don't know how that could be true. This feeling it's…"

Hannibal squeezed his hand and Will looked at him. "Bonds are only as strong as the relationship between the bonded. If your relationship is devoid of care, of…happiness…your bond is easily severed. Not all are like us, little wolf, in fact…many are not."

Will smiled and leaned in to kiss him softly, his teeth tugging at the vampire's lip to tease as he pulled away. "If you are attempting to flatter me," he said, smiling, "It's working."

Hannibal laughed. "Any other time I would suggest we run, but…if we want to see everyone."

Will tried not to be disappointed but he knew they should make an appearance after what happened.

"Though, if you'd like to change," Hannibal said, "I would not be averse to a run for harmless fun."

Will frowned and let go of his hand. "It's not the full moon anymore."

"When has that stopped you."

Will shook his head. "It's fine, I…I'd rather not."

Hannibal sighed. "Then, I suppose, we should go there."

He pointed out at the stables.

"We're riding Winston?" Will asked, "I'm fine with walking."

Hannibal smiled. "You have not yet ridden since your arrival, and don't even try to lie to me, Will. I know it's true."

Will shook his head. "I won't try to lie, it's just…so much has happened and there's so little time I haven't thought of him."

Hannibal took his hand again and kissed it. "I think tonight is the perfect time."

They walked into the stable and saw Winston was already set up to be ridden. Will looked around for stablehands. "Who got him ready? I've seen Elizabeth at the stables before, is it her?"

Hannibal frowned. "Do you not want her to?"

Will shrugged. “I don’t care either way I was just curious what everyone does with their time.”

Hannibal smiled. “Bored already, Will?”

Will turned, moving in close to him, and put his hands underneath the vampire’s shirt. “Not when you’re awake.”

Hannibal growled as Will’s fingers brushed his belly. “Will…”

He put his hands underneath the vampire’s shirt and let his fingers brush at his lower belly, making Hannibal growl at his teasing. “What, mate?” he teased, as he stepped closer, “Do you want me to stop?”

Hannibal’s hand came to the back of his head as their mouths came together, and the crushing press made Will moan in response, feeling his mate bite at his lips. He tased blood on his tongue as they continued, and moaned with a need he could not name.

‘You drive me mad, Will.’

Will clutched at his shoulders as he pushed Hannibal back against the door to Winston’s stall. He started to put his legs around Hannibal’s waist and pulled his mouth back, panting as he said, “We have to go.”

Hannibal touched his face, eyes red in the dark of the barn as he stared at Will.

“I will never get enough of you,” he admitted, “Not ever enough.”

Will smiled. “Good.”

His finger came across Will’s now healing lip and brought the last drop of blood to his tongue. The lit up red of his eyes made Will’s cock ache, and his body desperate to be filled.

“We could just…walk…” he said, his voice shaking, “It would be faster.”

Hannibal opened the stall door and grabbed the reins leading Winston out for them to get on.

“No time now,” he said, and gestured for Will to get on first, “This will be the fastest.”

“Lead the way,” he whispered in Will’s ear.

Will took a deep breath before he prodded Winston to move the two of them trotting off towards the houses. They spent the next three hours going through an almost town meeting of wolves, humans, and vampires alike all having been affected though some more than others.

They went by the familiar house where Will remembered the little girl outside, the lights were off and he could still smell the blood. He tensed and felt Hannibal pull him close.

“Sarah and Karen were both escapees from a slave ring. Their daughter will be looking for a new home, I imagine Tyrell and Nick would take her.”

Will let out a breath. “Humans?”

Hannibal nodded against his cheek.

“Both, yes. Abigail and Francis are some of my best trackers of humans on the run. They can smell the blood for miles and have excellent control.”

Will closed his eyes as he felt tears on the edge of his vision. “I feel like the only good thing that’s come out of this is our bond.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek.

“We can make a difference Will, despite your father’s interference. I trust you, you trust me, and my people are starting to trust you as well. We know we’re vulnerable now but we can be ready for the next attack. There will be no more death on our side.”

Will turned towards him with a frown.

“How can you know that?”

Hannibal kissed him tenderly, the touch so soft that Will shuddered with want of more.

‘Despite what he’s given me, I will not let your father break me again. I will promise you that.’

Will frowned. “Again? What do you mean?”

Hannibal sighed, and touched his cheek. “Not now,” he said, “We still have more people to see.”

“How many more?”

Hannibal looked oddly dour as he sighed.

“Just two, but I believe this particular visit will be harder than most. Sebastian was a friend and Mina will be quite angry with me.”

“It wasn’t your fault, it was…”

“Yours,” an angry voice answered, both men turning to see a small blonde standing with crossed arms in front of her home, “It was totally yours, wolf.”

Her fangs seemed oddly bright in the soft lighting that surrounded the town and Will got off Winston as he walked to her. “I’m sorry for your loss. I truly am.”

Mina’s lip shook as she hissed.

“If what the others are saying is true, this is all your fault. Your father killed my mate and I…I…”

Will’s eyes filled with tears. “I can’t even imagine what you’re feeling.”

She wiped at her cheeks.

"It's like my heart is gone," she said, "I'll never be whole again, not without him."

Will felt his wolf panic at the thought of losing his mate, his breath coming out in a rush till he felt Hannibal's hands on his shoulders pressing back against him.

"I will find who is responsible, Mina. I promise you. If you would like to join us in the search, I'm sure Hannibal would be more than pleased."

Mina nodded, sniffling as she looked at Will. "Yes, I…yes. Thank you, King mate."

She suddenly threw her arms around Will in a hug before pulling back just as quickly to rush inside.

"That was well done," Hannibal praised, "Mina has excellent skill that I always felt Sebastian held her back from at times for worry of his mate's safety."

Will frowned at him.

"I'm sure you understand why now, yes? I can't even imagine something happening to you and we've been bonded for days. He was with her for years."

"Forty seven."

Will suddenly wished he could do more than he had for Mina.

"You do things for the ones who lose people."

"It happens often, so yes."

"Okay then, I need to move on to the last. This night is harder than I thought it would be."

Hannibal heaved Will up on the horse and stood still, staring at Will with a strange expression.

"The last house is Liz's, if you would like to go back I will meet you there."

Will felt his stomach tighten at the thought of seeing Elizabeth. He didn't like the woman and a part of him knew there was more to her relationship with his husband than he'd been told.

"No, I'll go. Come on then."

The wolf's house was not far, right off the edge of Hannibal's main property. He let his mate help him down off Winston, and walked to the door with an increased dread while Hannibal squeezed his hand.

'Breathe, little wolf. Just breathe.'

Liz opened the door at Will's first knock, and her surprise was obvious. "I didn't expect you."

Hannibal's stiffness beside him made Will worry more for the circumstances of their relationship.

"We have visited all the others, why would we not have come to see you?"

Elizabeth looked at Will.

"I was under the impression that you disliked me," she said, her voice shaking, "I would not want to upset you for no reason. You have visited me, that's enough and more than I expected."

Will sighed. "Can we come in or not?"

She nodded once and stepped away so they could both enter her home. He felt Hannibal at his back as the door closed behind them.

"I was just eating dinner."

Will sniffed the air. "Soup?"

Elizabeth smiled, her eyes oddly teary.

"You have a good sense of smell, I've never been that good at scenting things so easily. I would've thought…" she stopped herself and shook her head, "If you would care to join me there is enough."

Will shook his head and didn't move.

"No, I've eaten thank you."

He took in the house that could almost be considered one room if not for the door off to the side he assumed was a bedroom. There was a small couch and a plain table with four chairs but nothing else. The main house was large enough but Will would've expected someone Hannibal considered close to be there as well.

"You live alone?" he asked, then instantly wished he hadn't.

Elizabeth frowned, looking sadder as she sat down.

"My mate died several years ago and I don't think I can even consider another."

Will shared a look with Hannibal. 'She did it so easily before, why not again?'

Hannibal let go of his hand and walked to the table not answering before he pulled out a chair for Will. He sat on the other side and the awkwardness seemed to permeate the room. He saw Hannibal stare at her, and she him, which only raised the hackles on his wolf, not settling well at all.

"Your mate is distressed," Elizabeth said, putting down her spoon, "You are normally more considerate."

Hannibal looked at Will, reaching out to take his hand. “Elizabeth and I were not sexually intimate, little pup, if that is what troubles you.”

Will blushed, letting his hand go. “I didn’t…”

The other wolf laughed.

“You would bite my throat if I touched him, King mate, I can see it in your eyes,” she looked at Hannibal, “You have formed such a strong bond so quickly it’s rather surprising.”

“Why is that?” Will snapped.

She did not stop smiling, and it bothered him.

“Vampire and wolf matings are not normally so quick to deepen, especially those not formed by love matches.”

Will could not help his growl. “If that’s true why would you not bond with your vampire?”

Will felt Hannibal’s hand squeeze his own and his eyes reddened. “Will, you’re being rude.”

“She would leave her mate, cheat on her mate, it’s not like they could have had anything that kept them together or been together that long? If you’re in love with someone…”

“I was unable to mate with Gerard because my wolf mate is still living,” the other wolf confessed, “I think you should both go before I find myself doing something I’ll regret.”

Will stood up, “Fine with me,” and walked out without even looking back. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes when he was outside. He felt the shift overtake him suddenly as he started to run.

He could feel Hannibal in their bond attempt to lure him back but he ignored him and it took everything in him to put up a wall between them not wanting to be scolded like a child. He nearly screamed as he ran and came to the clearing behind their home, letting out a long howl that was followed by several answering ones.

Will wondered then if the other wolves all ran together or in several small packs, and if there were pack bonding rituals like he’d read about in books but never been allowed to participate in. He wanted to tear into something, prove his worth as a wolf, and had no idea why.

The sound of Winston’s hooves hitting the ground perked in his ears and he turned, taking off into a long run and wondering if this was wise even as he heard the obvious sound of feet hitting the ground and then nothing.

He stopped to listen just as he was tackled to the grass by Hannibal in wolf form. His mate’s growl as he bit into his neck made Will turn back.

“I don’t care that you’re pissed at me,” he growled up at him while Hannibal glared.

Hannibal became himself again just as he pulled back without barely taking a taste. He wiped his mouth and his eyes were red.

"You will explain yourself and take off the block between us now."

Will sat up but didn't stand. "You have no idea what it means to wolves to be bonded."

"Just as it means to vampires, I'd imagine. Will, I am not going to repeat myself about blocking our bond, it's…" his fangs were prominent as he finished, "Distressing."

Will thought the same but still did not listen to him.

"You are my mate and my husband but do not rule me or my actions especially when you side with… *her* ."

Hannibal let out a breath.

"Elizabeth and I are close because when my parents died she was one of the only people here who understood my plight. She was like a second mother to me and Gerard felt like a father so much that to have you dismiss him so easily was quite upsetting to me. I did not take his death well."

Will swallowed past a sudden lump in his throat. "Oh, I didn't…"

"I know," Hannibal said, taking his hands in his, "I…I did not wish to remain living when my family were all killed and there were times when they had to stop me from…making a mistake that would not have brought us to this point today."

Will felt a chill go through him. "I'm sorry, you don't have to talk about this if you don't want to."

Hannibal was shaking as he growled. "Please, Will. I need…"

He took the block down between them and it all came rushing back at once, Will throwing himself into Hannibal's waiting arms as he shivered at the touch of their bare skin. Hannibal's hand came to his curls, touching lightly.

"Do you want me to apologize to her? I will. It was just strange and upset me, I'm sorry."

Hannibal tightened his hold of Will, the shiver of the night suddenly over Will's bare skin but he felt more than warm as Hannibal kissed his cheek. "You have such a hold over me."

Will lifted his head up from Hannibal's neck and turned to expose his neck. "Please, I…I know you did not taste. Please, take. I need you to—"

Hannibal bit in slowly, his tongue teasing Will's skin as they came together and the shudder that came through them both overwhelmed in and out of their bond. He felt tears fall down his cheeks. "I won't put the block up again."

Hannibal sucked harder. ‘I do not dictate your actions, mate. You are your own man, I will not fault you for your anger. I just wish to speak of it no matter the upset that could arise.’

Will pressed himself closer to him and hummed happily. “If only you do too.”

Hannibal pulled his mouth back and licked across the wound.

“I enjoy sharing things about myself with you, no matter if they are painful matters or happy ones. I would only wish you would enjoy sharing your own past with me as well.”

Will closed his eyes.

“It’s all pain or nothing, just school and play. I was more a prisoner than a person.”

Hannibal turned Will’s cheek.

“I understand the appeal of wanting to keep you from all others,” he said as he kissed Will’s cheek, “Though your father and I have two very different reasons for it.”

Will laughed, sniffling as his hand came to Hannibal’s chest. “There are still hours left of night.”

Hannibal smiled, holding out his hand that Will took. “Then let us spend them wisely.”

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's eyes glowed as Hannibal helped him stand, and their ripped clothes only made him that much more eager to remove the rest. He put his hands on Hannibal's shirt front, running them down, and smiled.

"What did you have in mind?"

Hannibal put his hands over Will's, and kissed them. "We're both almost naked already," he teased, "I think perhaps there's only two things we could be doing at the moment."

Will laughed.

"You were going to introduce me around, but I'm sure Elizabeth will be telling everyone of my behavior," he frowned, "Though I won't apologize for it, only for upsetting you."

"Don't worry about such things, little wolf, not now."

"I just—"

Hannibal pulled him close, the feel of their bodies touching just enough to make Will shiver, and he kissed Will's forehead. "It's just us at the moment, Will. No one else."

"But they're still gonna be there," he mumbled, even if we ignore them. There's so much…"

Hannibal kissed him quiet, and Will wrapped his arms around him to be closer till they fell back against the nearest tree. He heard Winston make noise, and broke their kiss to laugh.

"I think Winston wants to be put back before we do anything else."

"I suppose we should," Hannibal sighed, kissing his cheek, "I cannot help myself with you, it's…maddening how you you intoxicate me," Hannibal purred, leaning in to smell at his neck, "I fear I do not want more than this, us two."

Will could feel the truth of his words, tears in his eyes, "I," he bit his tongue, not wanting to give his own feeling away but knowing that Hannibal would feel it anyway.

"Come," Hannibal said, "Let's ride back."

He helped Will up onto Winston, who seemed happy to have him there, and then jumped up himself before they took off. The ride was quiet, but calm, and Will knew many others no doubt watched them but he didn't care.

They put Winston away, and Hannibal instantly took him into his arms again with a sigh.

“I’m not certain I can wait,” he teased, kissing Will’s neck, “Your scent it’s…I need more of you always.”

“Mate,” Will purred, “Just…god I want you so bad. I can’t…”

They both tore at the remains of their clothes, growling as Hannibal led Will backwards to one of the empty horse stalls. He leaned against the wall, hands out as he felt Hannibal grab hold of him from behind kissing his neck while he teased his fangs down slowly.

“Hannibal…”

“Shh…”

He heard him stroking himself, the sound of skin to skin only making Will touch his own, and soon he struggled to keep his knees from buckling. Hannibal’s growl was the only warning he got before his hands were yanked back and Hannibal’s tongue was inside him.

Will cried out and grabbed for hold that wasn’t there until his claws were out to catch into the wood.

‘Delicious.’

He groaned, fucking back against his mouth, and was so close fast but Hannibal stopped.

“Noooo….pl…”

Hannibal’s first thrust inside was quick, still not wet enough but he purred at the burn, and the hard bite to his neck made everything hazy after. He howled, growled, and tore into the wood with his claws as Hannibal’s thrusts became more erratic, but was rewarded with a touch to his cock that sent him off.

He howled so loudly Winston was even startled, neighing and stomping in the stall beside them, and Hannibal’s shuddered moan came fast moments later as he spilled into Will. Hannibal held him tight after, licking his neck, and held him up while Will sighed, still shaking with the force of his pleasure.

“Mine,” Hannibal purred, “All mine.”

Will smiled. “Always yours.”

Hannibal pulled out and turned him around to kiss Will fully. He put his hand on Will's cheek.

“You look…thoroughly debauched.”

He blushed. “So do you.”

Hannibal smiled. “I cannot show you around now for fear everyone will see you so beautifully taken.”

“I’m sure they already could hear us.”

“Oh I’m sure they could,” Hannibal said, “But still…”

Will kissed him again, still smiling, and smirked. “Catch me if you can.”

He shifted fast before Hannibal could even stop him, running out of the stall, and heard Hannibal’s annoyed growl follow.

Will sped fast, though he knew he wouldn’t win, and was nearly past the house when Hannibal caught him. They rolled around, playfully nipping until Hannibal held him down with one paw to lick his face.

‘Okay, you win.’

‘Yes, I do.’

He rolled onto his belly, whining, and Hannibal laid over him.

‘This has to look so weird to other people.’

‘Strange, I’m sure.’

Will licked up at him, his tongue catching under Hannibal’s chin, and they rolled to the side again.

He shifted back and grinned. “First one to make it to the window wins.”

‘Will…’

Will took off in a run but Hannibal got there first. He hopped up through the now open window, and Will came after frowning when he didn’t see him.

“Hannibal?”

He was startled when Hannibal grabbed him from behind, and kissed his cheek.

“I win.”

“Mmm…yeah.”

“What do I win?”

“A shower?”

“That sounds lovely.”

They showed together, taking their time, and tumbled into bed still wet as they lay down. Hannibal held him close, and Will sighed, closing his eyes.

“Today was…a lot,” Will said, “But…I know we’ll find the traitor. I know it.”

“We will, little wolf.”

He took Hannibal’s hand in his.

“I would ask something of you, unrelated to the…current worry.”

Will turned onto his back and frowned. “What?”

Hannibal’s hand coming to Will’s cheek, “Be civil to Elizabeth. Please.”

Will frowned, the uncomfortable churning in his gut. He wanted to say a number of things but kept quiet.

“She is like a mother to me, mate. She…I only wish for you to be civil.”

Will took a deep breath. “I don’t like her.”

“I am aware.”

“She isn’t an example of my kind that I wish to learn from,” he mumbled, looking away, “I promise to be civil but I won’t be friendly.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek. “Thank you, pup. Now I do believe we haven’t reached an agreement on what to do with our remaining hours.”

“I’m fine with this.”

“Are you not hungry?”

“No,” he lied.

“Will…”

He sighed and looked at him again. “I’m fine, mate. Really.”

A sudden howl came from outside, followed by many more, and he was surprised with a sudden urge to join them.

“What is that?”

“The wolves meet often at night for runs, that is them.”

“We’ve never seen them.”

“No, they…go further than we have.”

He listened more, his wolf itching to experience a true pack bond, and he pushed down the urge.

“If you wished to join the others, little wolf, I would not mind.”

He shook his head. “No, I’m fine.”

“You’re certain?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal ran fingers through his wet hair, and kissed his temple.

“Our bond feels stronger everyday, it grows at an alarming rate.”

Will frowned. “Is that bad?”

“No, it’s just…different.”

He smiled. “Weird, you mean.”

Hannibal smiled down at him. “It’s fine to be weird, Will.”

Will huffed.

“Not always. You know I was the only one who lived in the castle with my father. My father never even wanted the servants to sleep there, they slept below us.”

Hannibal pulled Will closer, pressing kisses to his ear. “He wanted to protect you.”

“He wanted to control me,” Will sighed, “He hated not having control. That’s why he said yes to you, I think.”

Hannibal paused, pulling back to look at Will. “What do you mean by that, mate?”

Will’s eyes shone with tears as he confessed.

“You came to him with the idea, but he is the one who said yes. Not the other way around.”

Hannibal touched Will’s cheek, pushing away a stray tear. “Is that what you think happened?”

Will frowned.

“That’s what happened. You sent the treaty, he signed the document, and I came to be inspected.”

Hannibal pressed their mouths together again and Will whimpered as he pulled away.

“I did send the formal treaty, the agreement, and he was the one who completed the terms. But he did not control even a single aspect of our mating. He brought you to me, he relinquished you to me, and he had to watch as his only son was given to his greatest enemy. He was not in control, I was and still am.”

Will let out a breath. “But…”

“He will call for you, I know this. King Henry is nothing if not obstinate and still determined to blame me for what happened in our shared past.”

“Shared?”

Hannibal shook his head. “I do not wish to ruin our time together with thoughts of a past long over and gone.”

Will frowned. “But…”

Hannibal rolled Will onto his back and stared down at him, eyes red and wanting. “I have not tasted you for far too long now.”

Will smiled. “It has not nearly been that long, and I…I want to know. Hannibal, tell me.”

Hannibal’s hand came down his torso and Will grabbed it hard, claws digging into his skin.

He snapped his fangs and Will did the same as they both smiled. “My fierce little wolf.”

Will laughed. “Stop trying to make me think of other things.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek, fangs pressing against Will’s skin and making him purr.

“You do not wish to hear this story.”

“Please.”

Hannibal sighed before he lied back before Will laid against his chest again.

“It has been mere days since our mating and you will not be happy to hear it.”

Will took his hand again and squeezed. “Please.”

“Your father sent his squad to kill me under the assumption that I had been the one to take his wife from him. This was during the day and as my mother, father, sister, and I lay like death asleep they were slaughtered. I alone survived.”

Will sat up, his eyes wide as he shook his head. “No, that’s…no.”

Hannibal moved closer and Will backed away, “Will.”

Will’s eyes filled with tears.

“I just thought it was random wolves, I didn’t…why would you trust him in a treaty? Why would you even want anything of his? My blood is his, I cannot even imagine you’d wish to taste it.”

Hannibal’s eyes were red as he growled.“You are NOT your father. We have gone over this.”

“But…”

“He tried to kill me and my grief was unending, but I survived it. I am here now, nearly two decades later, and I have grown nothing but stronger.”

He held his hand out to Will who took it, still shaking as Hannibal pulled him into his arms again. Will nuzzled his neck, tears still falling, and his voice was thick as he spoke. “Mine.”

“Yes, mate. I am yours and you are mine, which means you are no longer his.”

Will sobbed, clutching him tightly as his cries became howls and Hannibal joined him. Their joint echoed song reached the others, and Will felt an immense gratitude at the echoing howls in their wake.

‘They mourn with you, little wolf.’

Will shook his head, nuzzling his nose against Hannibal’s. ‘I’m mourning. I’m celebrating. We’re both free and found each other.’

Their howls slowed, and they both shifted back to kiss again.

Will felt such intense feelings through their bond, almost too much, and yet he wanted more.

‘Don’t ever let me go.’

‘Never.’

They laid down again, exhausted in each other’s arms, and Will soon drifted off though he was sure Hannibal would stay awake. He hated to miss out on more darkness with him but couldn’t stay awake, and woke to the sun. .

He turned to find Hannibal once again dead to the world, mouth a thin line as he slept. He reached out and ran his fingers over the vampire’s lips, and the stony feel of them made him frown.

Last night came back in a rush and Will froze as he remembered crying in his mate’s arms and his petulant tantrum at Elizabeth’s home. He blushed, covering his face and letting out a long moan of embarrassment.

Hannibal must have been so humiliated, having to coddle his baby wolf mate and giving in to Will’s tantrums again.

He got out of bed and looked in the mirror, hand coming to his neck when he saw a wound there. His other mating mark was on the other shoulder but apparently his wolf was not content with one.

Will blushed again.

It was a wanton thing, showing off marks on both sides in front of other wolves. He pressed his hand to the wound and sighed, smiling at the memory even as he recalled Hannibal’s evasion of a past with his father. Why had his father been so angry? There had to be more to it than just his mother.

He frowned and got dressed before he looked at Hannibal again. His mate looked peaceful, almost asleep this time, and he smiled before he checked the window was secure.

There were now four guards outside their bedroom: two that would stand in front of the door along with two side by side, and two outside the window below. Will was surprised to see the change, but happy as he left to go downstairs. His happiness was such a distraction that when he entered the hall he ran right into the human he'd met last breakfast.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said, grabbing the pile of clothes she'd been carrying.

Will helped put them back in the laundry basket. "It was my fault. I…Beverly?"

She frowned. "Yes, I…you okay, Will? Last night, some of us heard the howling."

Will blushed, shaking his head. "No, I'm fine. I was just…emotional. We were talking about things, and I got carried away."

Beverly smiled. "If you need anyone to talk to during the day, or just someone to show you anything at all, I'm here. I…there are a lot of other humans here but I'm the best one."

Will laughed. "I'll keep that in mind, thank you."

She grinned, nodding as she went down the hall and Will felt lighter as he went down the stairs.

The clock read nearly noon when he came into the dining room, happy to have some food and was immediately put in a seat of honor at the head of the table. He ate and scanned the table at many familiar faces though he noticed Elizabeth looked at him strangely before she quickly turned away.

He would have to apologize to her for Hannibal's sake.

"…do you think, Will?"

Will blinked. "Um…sorry I didn't catch that."

Tyrell and Nick both laughed. "We were thinking about introducing you at the monthly gathering next week? With the wolf pack?"

Will's eyes widened. "I…I guess that's fine."

"You don't have to, if you're not ready," Elizabeth said quickly, "If it's…"

Will frowned. "It's fine. It's at night?"

Tyrell nodded. "Of course. If you're asking for the King's sake, he tends to stay away from the pack meetings since he's not a wolf."

Will recalled Hannibal howling with him last night. "But he could come? If he wanted to?"

A few of the other wolves stared at each other. “He’s never wanted to before?” a dark haired wolf said, “Not that he’s unwelcome,” she added on quickly, “But Hannibal…”

“He’s invited, always,” Elizabeth finished.

Will nodded and looked down at his meat again, but noticed the rest of them were eating much less than he was. His frown deepened. “If there’s a food shortage, why do I have the most food?”

The entire table tensed at his raised voice.

“We didn’t want to offend you, it’s not…” Nick started to say but Will shook his head.

“No,” he said as he pushed his food back, “Please distribute food where it’s needed. If I have to go hungry, I go hungry. The others are more important.”

A little part of him thought about how he wouldn’t go hungry, Hannibal would never allow that, and his mouth watered thinking of tasting his mate’s blood.

“Yes, Will,” Tyrell said, “We’ll be sure to do that from now on.”

The rest of the meal was silent, and Will watched as his meat was distributed among them while he got a smaller cut. He was pleased to be considered part of them, smiling brightly as he brought a glass of water to his lips.

‘I am quite pleased as well.’

Will nearly dropped the glass, grip tightening as his eyes went to the clock across the room.

It was only nearing one o’clock.

‘How are you doing this?’

‘Your guess is as good as mine, Will. I am quite pleased with the development, though it is a bit less fun to do this without being able to touch you.’

Will laughed, covering up his mouth and blushing as several of them stared at him oddly.

‘They’re gonna think I’m crazy.’

‘No, they will think you preoccupied and quite happily mated.’

Will smiled, sipping his drink.

‘I miss you.’

‘I miss you as well, pup. Lying here stiff and dead to the world, my first thought is of what I could ask you to do for me. Wondering what I can experience through our connection.’

Will’s cheeks reddened and he stood up. “Excuse me.”

He headed out of the dining room and into the hallway before he paused.

‘I don’t know where the bathroom is.’

Hannibal’s voice was silent and Will sighed, turning to head down further down the hallway. There were paintings that covered the walls, and he stopped to stare at each one. The first was a dour faced man who had dark hair and a mustache with red eyes and sharp teeth. He read the name nameplate beneath: King Victoras Lecter. This man had been Hannibal’s father. He remembered Hannibal’s words that his father had never been very affectionate or warm and could see it in the painting.

‘The first death I ever saw was at my father’s hand.’

‘Who did he kill?’

‘A guard who failed to watch over my mother and I. It was also the first time I saw a stake in another vampire’s chest. I had nightmares for weeks after.’

Will shivered. ‘My father never killed anyone himself, he always sent others.’

Hannibal’s voice in his head was silent and Will felt awful for even saying such a thing when his father had killed Hannibal’s family.

‘He is a coward, mate. A monster of his own making.’

Will took a deep breath and moved on.

The next painting was of a woman whose long blond curls drew his attention first, her eyes quite similar to Hannibal’s own, and smile more tender than her husband’s had been. The nameplate beneath read: Queen Simonetta Lecter.

‘Mother was always very warm. She was the one who I fed from during my early years.’

Will smiled. ‘Like a wolf cub at their mother’s teat?’

Hannibal’s laugh made him warm inside.

‘Yes, something like that.’

He moved on and stopped in front of Hannibal’s painting. He looked younger, less worn, and Will reached out to touch without thought.

‘You were handsome even then.’

‘It was not so long ago.’

Will sighed. ‘You look all of fifteen.’

‘I was nearing thirty when that painting was commissioned.’

Will laughed, hand to his mouth and noticing others behind him now. The other wolves and humans seemed too interested in his viewing but he had to finish despite prying eyes.

Mischa looked much like her brother, though she was smaller and looked almost frightened.

‘She looks scared.’

‘The painter was not a nice man. Father loved him but he was quite strict during the sittings, always hitting our knees and elbows when my parents were not around. I bit him at one point I believe.’

Will giggled, coughing as he took in Mischa’s yellow eyes.

‘Vampires don’t all have red eyes?’

‘Born vampires, no. The eyes change color with age.’

Will felt Hannibal’s pain at seeing the paintings and was so caught up in pushing back positive energy that he jumped in surprise when a hand came to his back.

Elizabeth was there, her cheeks reddened. “I apologize, you looked lost in thought. I was going to inform you that Winston is ready for a ride if you were thinking of it.”

Will had not been, though the thought was quite appealing.

“Yes, I…I think I will,” he said, turning away from the paintings, “Can you take me there?”

She seemed surprised but nodded as she led Will back down the hall and out the backdoor. The warmth of the sun made him smile as they walked toward the stable.

‘I wish you could feel this.’

‘As do I.’

Will coughed as he walked, feeling awkward for the apology he did not wish to make. Would she accept it?

‘I find it endearing that you worry for apologies when clearly you are her superior. She must accept it or face the consequences.’

‘I don’t want to be like my father. I would never force someone to do something they don’t want to do

‘Your anger at Liz leaving her mate suggests otherwise.’

Will frowned as they neared the barn, and both of their steps slowed the closer they got to Winston. Will watched her open the stall door and let out a long breath.

“I would like to apologize for my behavior last night.”

She paused and didn’t move, which made Will frown.

“I…”

Elizabeth turned to look at him again and her eyes were shining with tears.

“He did not have to force this on you.”

Will glared. “He didn’t force me to do anything,” Will said, “I was a petulant child and know I need to rein in my opinions of others. I am apologizing but nothing else as I still do not agree with your choices.”

Elizabeth frowned as she wiped away tears. “You are young and in the early stages of mating. You do not realize what could go wrong.”

Will went to Winston, petting his flank. “I know what could happen.”

“You do not. You have no idea what a loveless mating would be like, and judging by the hold Hannibal has over you…”

Will snarled, throwing himself at Elizabeth with such force that he knocked her head into the barn wall. His hand was on her neck as he snapped, eyes glowing, “YOU KNOW NOTHING OF MY MATING! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HOLD WE HAVE OR OTHERWISE! YOU WHO WOULD LEAVE A MATE BECAUSE…”

‘WILL! STOP RIGHT NOW!’

‘NO! SHE NEEDS TO BE TAUGHT HER PLACE LIKE YOU SAID!’

‘If you do not stop, I will endanger myself and come stop you.’

Will stepped back, huffing and snarling through his fangs. Winston whinnied loudly and stopped around, obviously upset. He looked at Elizabeth and saw the tears on her face, holding onto her neck as she stared.

“I’m sorry.”

“You have strong feelings for your mate,” she said hoarsely, “No need to apologize.”

He did not stop her at all from leaving, chest heaving as he tried to calm down.

‘That was unacceptable.’

“You don’t get to tell me what to do.”

‘I am your mate and your King.’

“If I wanted to be bossed around, I would have stayed with my father.”

Hannibal was silent in his head and Will leaned against the barn wall, Winston stomping softer now and making calmer noises. He moved closer to the horse and held out some hay in his hand, smiling when it was taken and his fingers were licked. “I’m sorry, Winnie.”

He got on Winston despite his anger and rode out of the stable and onto the grounds. The feel of wind in his hair made Will calmer and he kept going till he neared the end of the fence. There were some humans and wolves moving around, nodding once to him as they passed and Will lay his head against the horse, closing his eyes.

“Will?”

Will opened his eyes and saw Nick was there, face flushed and worried.

“I’m fine.”

“Liz…”

Will growled. “I AM FINE.”

Nick nodded, backing off. “I was just told to check on you.”

Will noticed Nick was quite naked, blushing as he tried to take deep breaths again.

Hannibal did not speak still and Will felt teary eyed knowing his mate was angry with him.

“Did she tell you?”

“Tell me what?” Nik asked, frowning.

Will’s mouth shut hard and he shook his head. “Nothing.”

Nick was silent for a moment before he asked, “Are you going to come to the meeting tonight?”

Will pet Winston again, murmuring pleasant noises at his horse.

“We would like you there, Will. It would be good for you to show yourself to the other wolves more fully.”

Will frowned. “I’m not sure…”

Nick sighed.

“You’ve never been to a pack meeting before, have you? Never experienced the moon with other wolves?”

Will thought of running with Hannibal, chasing each other and kept it to himself as he shook his head.

“No, not in the traditional way. My father wasn’t one for shifting on any but full moons.”

Nick’s eyes widened. “That’s…not very healthy for you.”

Will blushed, looking down at the house. “My childhood wasn’t like it is here. I had to follow my father’s rules, I wasn’t free to be a wolf.”

Nick touched his shoulder and smiled. “You are now.”

Will looked at him with a smile. “Thank you. I think I’ll go tonight. Alone. If you still want me to.”

Nick smiled. “I know everyone would love to meet you in a less formal setting, and the wolf meetings are anything but formal.”

“We did the house to house meetings, I met a lot of people then.”

Nick grinned, “It’s not the same. Believe me. I look forward to seeing you there.”

Nick shifted before Will could say anything more, taking off back towards the house. Will saw Nick’s dark wolf and was filled with deep envy at how easy it seemed for him.

‘I’m sorry,’ he said to Hannibal, tears filling his eyes.

Hannibal didn’t answer and Will rode back the way he’d come.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry I don't have regular updates for some of my older ones. I'm trying. I really am.

Chapter 9

Will took Winston back to the stables and didn't try to talk to Hannibal again. The house was quiet when he got inside, though someone quickly handed him a plate of food before he had a chance to say a word. He sat down at the head of the table he'd left earlier, feeling worse than ever, and ate while he waited for Hannibal's voice in his head.

It didn't come.

"Will?"

He looked up in surprise at Beverly, who he hoped didn't see the tears in his eyes.

"Hey," he said, taking a bite of a thin piece of meat, "They handed me this when I walked inside."

Beverly frowned. "Are you ok? You look a little…not ok."

He forced himself to smile. "I'm fine, I just…I got into an argument with Elizabeth again at the stables."

"Oh," she said, "Are you ok though? It wasn't…"

Will took another bite, and the meat didn't do anything but make him feel worse. It wasn't the taste, the taste was fine, but he couldn't stop thinking about Hannibal.

"I'm fine, I just…I don't know what came over me."

Beverly put her hand over his and sighed. “It’s a whole new world for you, you know? I’m sure it’s different. Liz will forgive you.”

He nodded and forced himself to finish the meat on his plate. There was a small serving of vegetables that he could barely keep down but knew with the rations it would look bad so he ate it all. The kitchen was busy when he got up from the table, and someone took his dish suddenly making him turn.

Will recognized her immediately.

“Pel,” he said, “I…I haven’t seen you since the mating.”

She handed his dish off, her face still a mask of annoyance, and sighed.

“I have other duties, King mate. Important ones.”

“Oh,” he said, “Um, thanks for taking that I didn’t…”

“You can leave now,” she snapped, “We’re all very busy.”

Will couldn’t help the sting at her tone but said nothing as he left out the backdoor again. He found a stone bench against the stone that covered the castle, or really less of a castle and more of a house.

It was formidable, taller than most, but even Will knew his father’s castle was more secure.

He sighed.

‘I know you’re mad at me, but…I couldn’t let her disrespect our bond. I didn’t mean to hurt her.’

Hannibal didn’t answer, and he resisted the urge to go up to their room just to be near him.

It wouldn’t make Hannibal speak to him while he slept, he knew, and the fact that despite knowing this miraculous new power had developed his mate had decided to reject him hurt more than anything.

“Will?”

He saw Tyrell standing just to his side, and the look he gave made him think the wolf had been there a long time.

“Hey.”

“Beverly said you were upset, I just wanted to see if you were alright.”

Will smiled. “I’m fine, just…I need to figure out how to stop this bond thing. I’m a little…”

“Territorial?” Tyrell asked.

“Yeah.”

“May I sit?”

He nodded and the closeness to someone who wasn’t his mate didn’t feel strange for the first time in days. The lack of a proper pack his whole life had made him unsure of being close with other wolves, but Tyrell and Nick had already started to change that.

Tyrell looked out at the coven members wandering the yard, mostly wolves as far as Will could see, and sighed.

“I know you don’t like Liz,” he said.

Wil’s hands tightened into fists at his sides. “It’s that obvious?”

“A little, yeah,” he said, “But…I know it probably doesn’t matter to you but she’s gone through a lot since she got here. I wasn’t here then, it was such a long time, but…I know some people who were and she was broken. You know? The King’s parents, they took her in despite who she was, and they…”

Will frowned as he looked over at Tyrell. “Who she was? Who is she?”

Tyrell blinked and his eyes were wide. “I just meant that she was a wolf, Liz …she was the first wolf in the coven. I thought you knew.”

Will’s eyes widened. “No, I…no one told me that.”

“Yeah,” he said, “I haven’t been here that long but Liz was here the longest.”

He looked up at the wolves around them. “Is that why the others came?”

“Yeah,” Tyrell said, “She…she helped a lot of people get away from your father over the years.”

Will blinked back tears. “Why? I’ve never even heard of her, you’d think if she was some sort of wolf spokesperson my father would be after her head.”

“Maybe he doesn’t know,” Tyrell said, “Hannibal is pretty good at keeping things secret if he has to.”

He laughed and wiped at his eyes. “Don’t I know it.”

‘Will.’

Will nearly jumped as he heard Hannibal’s voice.

‘I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to hurt her! I just couldn’t stop and—’

‘I know, little wolf. I know.’

Will bit his lip to keep from crying, and his claws dug into the bench.

“...and I think meeting with the others will be good for you.”

He turned. “Um, what? Sorry I didn’t hear you.”

Tyrell smiled. “I was just saying I think coming to the pack moon meeting will be good for you.”

Will let out a long breath as he smiled. “Me too.”

The other wolf patted his shoulder. “I’m gonna go check on the gardens, but I’ll come get you when it’s time?”

He nodded. “Ok, I…can I come? To the garden, I mean.”

Tyrell blinked. “I…sure.”

Will got up fast, needing to move, and spoke to Hannibal again.

‘Are you mad at me?’

Hannibal didn’t answer.

He tried not to be upset, it had to be exhausting to be doing what he was doing, and if he had decided to ignore Will’s question that was ok too.

Will was a little mad at himself.

‘I’ll apologize. I promise I’ll make it right.’

He felt something in their bond, not bad or good, but somehow it helped if only a little.

For now if that’s all he could have, he’d take it.

The walk to the garden was further than Will expected it to be, and there he found more people at work. This coven seemed so much more like a family than his father’s pack, and they were so much warmer than his father had ever been.

A woman, who told him her name was Georgia, handed Will what looked like a small shovel and showed him how to dig up the beets. He broke a few of the leaves for the first few, but

soon he was tossing them into a bucket with the rest of them, and a little dirty but it was worth it.

There were humans among them, and again Will felt no fear from them.

It was nice, calm, and when everyone stopped for dinner he realized just how long he'd been working.

The sun was ready to go down.

He handed in his tools, and found Tyrell waiting at the gate.

"You look like you had fun."

Will smiled. "I did," he said, "I…I think I needed it. Can I come back tomorrow?"

"You can come back whenever you want, King mate," he teased, "You're the boss, remember?"

Will blushed as they walked out. "Not really," he said, "I mean Hannibal…"

Tyrell patted his shoulder. "You're one half of a mated pair, Will. Not just a mate, a *King* mate. If you don't see how important you are, you need to start to see."

He frowned, and didn't say anything as they headed back.

Was he really that important?

Hannibal was the one they all adored, listened to, and followed.

Will was just here because of a treaty.

They got to the back door just as it grew dark, and his worry at seeing Hannibal grew. What would he say? Would Hannibal listen?

He took several deep breaths and headed up the stairs, ready to face Hannibal's anger and disappointment, but before he could get there he found the door open. Will growled, rushing inside, and saw the room was empty.

Will ran out into the hallway, and grabbed the nearest guard.

"WHERE IS HE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?"

The guard's eyes were wide as he shook his head. "The King," he coughed, "He…he…he left on his own. I swear!"

Will let him go, shaking his head. "No, no, he…he wouldn't do that! He…"

The other guard nodded. "He left, Sire, I promise you he left. We saw him."

Will's chest tightened. "He didn't say anything?"

They both looked at each other. "Um, no? He just left."

Will felt tears fill his eyes. "Oh, that's…sorry."

He walked into their bedroom and closed the door behind him. The room felt empty now, hollow, and as he went to the shower tears streamed down his cheeks.

This was it then.

Hannibal wasn't going to forgive him.

Will sniffled as he started the water, not caring if it was warm, and went under the spray.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," he whimpered, growling at himself, "So stupid…"

He washed, going through the motions, and even after he was done just stayed there letting the water fall.

'I'm sorry.'

Hannibal didn't answer, though he knew he wouldn't already.

Will got out and went to find some clothes for the wolf meeting. He needed things to take off fast, and put on some sweatpants and a tank top. Will's eyes were glowing yellow as he stared at himself in the mirror, and he touched his mating bite.

It would fade further soon.

He covered his mouth and tried to keep quiet but found he couldn't.

"I…I…"

Will tore at his clothes suddenly, so angry at himself, and did the only thing he could think of.

He ran.

His shift was painful this time, like he wanted it to be, and he ran off past everyone howling at the moon. There were answering howls, but they felt like nothing compared to the one he wanted to hear.

Will didn't know where Hannibal was, but he knew he needed to be free of this sudden pain.

He ran so fast and far he came to the edge of the fence line, panting for breath, and it didn't take long for him to realize where he was.

Elizabeth.

Her home was only steps away, at the property's edge, and as Will stepped into the house area he went to the window.

She was there, sitting at the table, and his lip curled as he growled when he saw who was with her.

Hannibal.

They were talking, and she got up suddenly to slam her hands on the table with a growl that shook the windows.

She was angry.

Will whined as he watched them, and laid down in the bushes as he wanted to be close enough to protect his mate. Hannibal took too long to come out, and Will heard something confusing.

"...and I'd rather die than lose the only me he might care for."

He was confused, lonely, and upset, but found he couldn't move.

'Please.'

Hannibal froze on the steps, eyes wide, and he growled. "Hannibal?"

He ran so fast he was a blur, and took Will up into his arms. "OPEN THE DOOR!"

Will buried his face against Hannibal's neck, licking at his skin, and he whimpered as Hannibal set him down.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Will? WILL LOOK AT ME!"

Will lifted his head, so tired, and Hannibal shifted without a word laying beside him.

"What's going on? Hannibal, you…"

Hannibal growled, snapping at her, and she backed away though Will's vision was blurry.

‘Talk to me, little wolf. Please.’

‘I’m sorry. Please, I…I need you, I…’

Hannibal turned Will onto his back, and shifted again to his more human form.

“I apologize for leaving you,” he said, brushing his hand across Will’s furred face, “I…I was upset and angry. I needed to see if she was alright.”

Will whined, and shifted back to bury himself against Hannibal’s naked form.

“You’re not…you…you don’t…”

“Don’t what, pup?” Hannibal asked, kissing his neck, “Don’t want you? Will, I will *always* want you. Always. I…I…I cannot be without you. Not now, not ever.”

Will lifted his head. “You mean it?”

Hannibal nodded and Will could see blood tear stains were on his face. He touched them, and Hannibal put his hand over Will’s.

“I am yours and you are mine, little wolf.”

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck as he let out a sob, and clung to him.

“I didn’t mean…I didn’t…I…I love you,” he sobbed, “I…I do. I…I do.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek. “I love you too, Will.”

Will pulled his head back and smiled at him. “You do?”

Hannibal smiled and wiped his cheeks. “I’ve loved you since that first day,” he said, “Your… fierceness and strength along with your handsomeness…how could I not?”

Will laughed and hugged him again.

“I thought you’d rejected me, and I hurt so much. I…I never want to feel that again.”

Hannibal breathed him in. “Never, Will. Never.”

They kissed, so softly it was barely a touch, and fell onto the bed. He scented every bit of Hannibal he could find, sighing happily, and Hannibal took hold of his cock as they kissed gain.

Will moaned as he stroked, biting Hannibal’s tongue, and the taste of his blood had Will aching. He reached for Hannibal’s hardness in return. Hannibal groaned, arching up as he began to stroke him as well, and soon they were rutting against each other wildly. Will came with a howl, spilling into Hannibal’s palm, and kissed him hard growling as he was desperate to feel Hannibal’s come in his hand.

Hannibal hissed as he came, sucking Will’s bitten lip, and they lay there, shaking as Hannibal bit into his neck hard. He held him close as Hannibal fed, eyes rolling back in his head.

“Harder,” he sighed, “I…I want to see it tomorrow.”

He bit harder then and smiled against Will’s skin.

Will sighed and held him there. “Liz, she…is she gonna be mad we were…in her bed?”

Hannibal smiled as he lifted his head. “She’s not here,” he said, “She’s gone to the meeting, which…is about to begin so you should head there now.”

Will frowned as he lifted his head. “But—”

Hannibal touched his cheek. “You need this, little wolf,” he said, “I will be waiting when you’re done. Don’t worry.”

Will stood up on shaky legs, not caring if he smelled of their sex, and shifted. Hannibal followed him through the house and let him outside where he ran toward the sound of wolves howling.

His body felt better than it had ever before, like he’d been born again, and when he got to the pack of wolves the crowd parted to make room for him.

They were all shifted already, much to his surprise, and Will found Tyrell easily with Nick who both bowed their heads.

Will stood there in surprise as all the others did as well, and he did the only thing he could do.

He howled.

The entire group did the same, the echo of their howls making him feel amazing, and when he looked he saw a light brown wolf watching him oddly.

Elizabeth.

It had to be her.

Will didn't look away as he shifted back, and his eyes were lit as he smiled.

"Thank you," he said, "I…I think…maybe it's time…for a hunt. Bring back all you can."

The wolves all growled, excited, and Will shifted as he took off into a run.

He could feel the wolves behind him, his pack, and when he turned he saw Hannibal standing near the house watching him with glowing red eyes.

'I love you.'

'And I love you.'

The night had started so badly, and he'd thought he'd ruin everything, but now? Now he felt like he could do anything.

'You can, little wolf. You can.'

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